

Sports Illustrated

JUNE 12, 1967 40 CENTS

THE U.S. OPEN

Golf's Most Exciting Show

Defending Champion
Bill Casper



The protagonists at Olympic in 1966 moments after
Palmer's shocking loss of a seven-stroke lead



Clubs you

4 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86 & PROOF, BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.



Club

An all-purpose weapon for distance off the fairways. Used in much the same way as today's #2 iron.

Putter

Even in the old days, putters took queer shapes. This one has a wooden head, faced with iron.

The year was 1895.
The first U.S. Open was played at Newport.
Eleven men entered.
Horace Rawlins won with a 173 for 36 holes.
Golf has changed a lot since then.
Most woods and irons are no longer made by hand.
Their shafts are steel instead of hickory.

Their proud old names have given way to antiseptic numbers.
Happily, there is one club that hasn't changed a bit.
Canadian Club is still made in the same way that
Hiram Walker created back in 1858. And it's still a preferred
whisky wherever distinguished people gather.
At country clubs. Private homes. Fine hotels. Restaurants.
And taverns.

u might have seen at



Mashie-Niblick

Corresponds to today's #5 or #7 iron. The deep ridges on its face give balls the required backspin.

Driver

Note the leather inset, affixed with wooden pegs. Club bottom is ram's horn and brass, for added strength.

Goose-neck Niblick

This is an early greenside club. Some modern clubs are designed this way in an attempt to prevent shanking.

Why this whisky's universal popularity? Canadian Club has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long. In short ones before dinner, in tall ones after.

You owe it to yourself to try Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—this very evening.



the first U.S. Open.



Track Iron
So named because it was used for hitting the ball out of ruts made by horse-drawn maintenance wagons.

Canadian Club
First made in 1858 by Hiram Walker, it was first served in exclusive gentlemen's clubs.

Gutta-Percha Ball
Replaced the heavier ball in the mid-1800s. Its heavier weight led to the use of shorter, squallier club heads, with hickory shafts.



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HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
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Canadian Club

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GOOD YEAR

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Advanced Ideas in SCUBA Gear.

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New Ideas in Action—  **VOIT.**

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(Unless free time is more important to you than lots of money.)

You'll be moderately wealthy with just your HULLABALOO SCENE as a source of income. There are dozens of clubs throughout the country making nice four figure profits each week for the licensees who operate them two or three evenings each weekend.

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O.K. HULLABALOO... WHAT'S ALL THIS HULLABALOO?

Just what it says. A dance club for teenagers. But with a magic and a name that has completely captured this fickle market. Wherever a HULLABALOO opens the kids turn out in droves. It's simple, easy to operate, needed by every community, has been written up in LIFE, NEWSWEEK and dozens of other major publications, has been cited in the Congressional Record as an outstanding contribution to youth, has been lauded in LAW and ORDER, has made a million kids happy and has made several dozen ambitious men wealthy.

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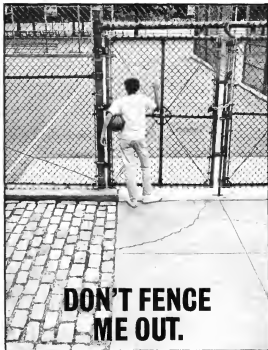
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BOOKTALK

Surfer Phil Edwards tells how to ride a curl, cure complexes and lock in on life

Phil Edwards is 28 years old, blond and barrel-chested. He lives in southern California with Heidi, his 93-pound Hawaiian born wife, in a house overlooking Dana Point and some of the finest surf in North America. This is good, because Phil Edwards is the finest surfer anywhere around. In a soon-to-be-published book called, *You Should Have Been Here on Hair Ago* (Harper & Row, New York, \$6.95), Edwards and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Associate Editor Bob Odom tell about it.

Edwards' surfing career began one day in his 10th summer, when he dragged a paddleboard into the water, stroked out beyond the surf and somehow caught a wave. With all the water gods of classical mythology watching over him, he rode it to shore. "I was," he writes, "plugged in for the next 18 years. Which is right up until this moment."

During the late 1940s, surfing was as pretty much a simple, uncomplicated affair. You caught a wave, stood up, rode it in until you found the shore, stopped, and that was it. But slowly Edwards and other innovators found there was more to the game. One day, quite by accident, he rode into the curl of a wave, and modern "hot dog" surfing was born.

After conquering the best surf on America's West Coast, Edwards moved on to the Banana Pipeline, the big surf that curls off the northwest edge of Oahu, in Hawaii, in perfect 15-foot waves that present the surfer with a million prickly problems—most of them jagged razor-sharp spires of coral that sit not more than five feet below the surface of the water. After seeing this surf for the first time, Edwards wrote, "I paddled out into it and looked down into a sort of blue-green coral horce. I kept looking down into it and thinking, 'Oh, God, and I've got to do it, too.'"

He not only did it, but he tells about it in words that are almost existential, an attitude he frequently falls into in relation to his sport, *e.e.*, his Second Law of Surfing:

"I'll tell you what next is." The force of a monster wave can pin you right down to the bottom. You lie there on your back—spread-eagled and heavy and helpless—and if you look up you can see those spinning fingers of turbulence reaching down to get you. They scoop you up inside of them and you roll yourself up into a ball and for a few seconds you are spinning around crazily in a world that is neither land nor sea nor air. The hell with psychiatry and its cracked-leather couches. This is real back to the womb stuff; this is how you get locked in on life, and this is the kick that can cure you of your complexes."

—KIM CHAPIN

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Next week

"PHILLY FIGHTER" is what they call colorful Gypsy Joe Harris, and the reputation boasts him. Mark Kram writes about the welterweight challenger's search for a new image.

MOTOR SHOWDOWN of the decade, the 24-hour race at Le Mans, draws the big 200-mph sports cars of Ford, Ferrari, Chaparral and Lola-Aston Martin. Bob Orlin reports.

HE'S NO GOLFER, but college golf has never had a coach like Houston's Dave Williams, whose teams have won nine NCAA championships thanks to his nonstop enthusiasm.

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they hate us in New York!

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the proud bird with the golden tail

If we hadn't made it with fiber glass, we could never call it the cool tire.

Heat is the enemy of tires. The hotter they get, the less safe they become. And the faster they wear out.

With this in mind, we set out to build a tire that would stand up to heat, especially on long trips and at high turnpike speeds.

Four years of research, and over 5,000,000 miles of road testing have gone into the development of this product.

Now we've got it. We call it the cool tire.

The cool tire is made with fiber glass, belts of fiber glass which are found between the rubber and the nylon cords. These belts keep the tread firm and tough.

(A firm, tough tread means less abrasion, less scuffing of rubber against the road. In short, a cooler tire.)

The cool tire virtually eliminates blowouts.

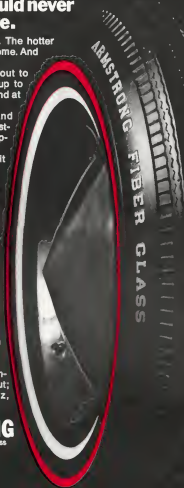
And it can give you at least 10,000 more miles of wear (don't be surprised if you get 20,000) than you can get with an ordinary tire.

The cool tire is here.

The Armstrong Rubber Company, West Haven, Connecticut; Des Moines, Iowa; Natchez, Miss.; Hanford, Calif.

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And fifty-two times a year he's off to himself—with *Sports Illustrated*. Reading about that hot trotter he saw at Roosevelt Raceway or about how times have changed since he ran the 440. Keeping up-to-date on his interests. Relaxing.

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These 12 men will be known as.....



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Based on the exciting
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Wilson Staff Dynapower Irons are made in the U.S.A.

Shell takes you behind the scenes at racing's biggest showdown

Here's a fast briefing on why Le Mans can be called "the Kentucky Derby of automobile racing": why the showdown on this June 10 is perhaps the most interesting ever—and why the three top favorites, with a free choice of motor oil, have again chosen **Shell**.

For years, Ferrari dominated Le Mans. But suddenly last year, Ford walloped them. This year at Daytona, Ferrari came back to win with the new P-4. Then, at Sebring, Ford surged back with their new Mark IV. And all the while, the Chaparral/Chevy has been inching up. Now the big one is on the line—and it's anybody's race.



8.3 miles of hair-raising curves, wide-open straightaway and treacherous dips and knolls challenge the world's finest drivers and punish the world's greatest cars in this 24-hour race.



Cars whip through the tricky esses at 80 MPH, hit 215 on the Mulsanne Straight, then take the Virage de Mulsanne at a maximum 35. The overall winner will average about 130 MPH—and travel over 3,000 miles.

Can Ferrari stage a comeback? Ferrari swept to five straight wins at Le Mans until Ford snipped the string last year. Shell motor oil has helped Ferrari win four of its world championships.



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The Le Mans favorites chose Shell motor oil for endurance. And no matter what car you own or how you drive, Super Shell Motor Oil can help give your car's engine powerful long-term protection. Next time you add or change oil, make it **Super Shell Motor Oil**—and ride a winner.

Can Ford repeat last year's stunning victory? In just three years, Ford has become the first non-American car builder to win at Le Mans, and the first to win a world championship. Ford regularly races with Shell motor oil.



In the famous Le Mans start, 55 invited entries line up in order of speeds attained in qualifying trials. Fastest cars first. At 4 PM French time, the flag goes down and drivers sprint for their cars.





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SCORECARD

RAY OF SIGE

Despite the fact that Lou Hudson has changed his mind and returned to the St. Louis Hawks of the NBA, the success of the new rival American Basketball Association continues to depend upon the eventual decisions of just two players. They are the established stars of the San Francisco Warriors, Nate Thurmond and Rick Barry. In a word, if Thurmond and Barry reject the offer of Oakland owner Pat Boone and his coach, Bruce Hale, who is Barry's father-in-law, the ABA will be, in all reality, quite dead as viable major league competition. A slower, complete death would almost surely follow.

The defection of a few NBA players—like San Francisco's Clyde Lee to New Orleans—obscures great ABA shortcomings. Several of the 11 teams have yet to hire a coach or any players of professional competence; not a single outstanding draft choice has been signed, arenas in many cities, New York included, would better serve as garages, and some of the teams still appear to exist only in somebody's hat. Last week the Warriors could not locate some ABA franchises when they sought to officially protest the wooing of their players. The National Basketball Association believes that the ABA's strategy is to break up the Warriors and gain, with Oakland, a foothold in at least one of the nation's three prestige sports centers—New York, Los Angeles and the San Francisco Bay area.

If Barry and Thurmond remain with San Francisco, Oakland would be doomed in the competitive market. If they sign with the All-Americans (as Boone wants to call his team), the ABA would still not be guaranteed success, but national and TV acceptance would become a possibility. At the least, Oakland could create so much havoc and embarrassment for the NBA that the older league might try to make a deal for the Bay and perhaps accept one or two other ABA franchises (Pittsburgh, Minnesota). No two athletes have ever

so completely controlled the destiny of one whole league and such a vast sports market.

GETTING THEIR KICKS

The Chelsea Football Club, the laughingstock of British soccer for half a century and the Mei-like delight of masochistic losers through all those years, has become, because of its uncharacteristic near-success in the Football Association Cup (SI, June 3), unconscionably uppity. After being beaten by Tottenham in the final at Wembley, the team set out on a tour of Canada, accompanied by the Viscount Chelsea, and since it arrived it has been lording it over the provinces.

In Vancouver it defeated a team of all-stars 5-2; whereupon Chelsea Manager Tommy Docherty told his hosts, "I don't think Vancouver would be in England's fourth division—and we don't have a fifth division."

A few days later after a 3-2 win over the Victoria O'Keefe, Docherty observed, "We could have had eight or nine more goals. It was the most one-sided match of the tour. Vancouver is a better team."

Ah, the heady scent of success.

MAD MANNY

Manuel Ycaza, the Panamanian who was once considered racing's most daring jockey, appears to be regaining that title—the hard, *i.e.*, expensive, way. Last week he won the \$119,200 Jersey Derby by six and a half lengths on Dr. Fager but was disqualified and placed last for herding the field on the first turn (page 26). Ycaza was given a 15-day suspension by the Garden State stewards. That, together with one he received earlier at Aqueduct, means he will be grounded for more than a month.

Before this recent outburst of rough riding, Ycaza's reputation had changed considerably. According to knowing horsemen, the fearless lad who two years ago would take almost any risk to win

a race for the \$2 bettor had become a more cautious and less effective rider. Security may have had something to do with it; he had gotten rich enough to worry about crippling injuries. Other jockeys had even more to do with it. "We got wise to him," one said not long ago. "He used to come into a tight spot and scream. I'm in trouble, I'm going down." And usually we'd open up a little for him. Then we realized that he was overdoing it, and we stopped giving him the holes to go through."

As the holes closed in front of him, Ycaza began taking to the overland route and winners became scarce. Trainers felt he perhaps had lost his nerve, and he stopped getting good mounts. Now he appears out to prove he is the Ycaza of old. Last Saturday, when some jockeys were discussing his disqualification on Dr. Fager, one of them said, "I don't feel sorry for Manny or the horse's owner. You ask for trouble when you use Ycaza."

This kind of talk can only be soothing to Ycaza. He won't win any popularity contests, but he probably will win more races than he has in recent years.

HAVING A BALL

The big hit on campus around Central High School in Minneapolis these days is Ricky Raski. Raski is the premier



pinch hitter on Central's baseball team, and though he has never actually struck the ball his record is well-nigh perfect, largely because he is 39 inches tall. Opposing pitchers have managed to find his 14½-inch strike zone just three times in 20 at bats this season. Last week Wash-

continued



**Firestone's winning record in major world-wide racing—
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Firestone 68 Others 19

Firestone's Winning Record (U.S.)

Indianapolis 500	Firestone 45—Others 6
Long Beach	Firestone 20—Others 7
Daytona 24 Hours	Firestone 22—Others 6
Midwest 500	Firestone 42—Others 5
Rockingham 500	Firestone 18—Others 5

Midwestern 200
Powers National—Crutchen
Riverside
Atlanta Motor Speedway
Charlotte Motor Speedway
Yulee 300
Rockingham 500 (1968) 1st place

Firestone 17—Others 3
Firestone 17—Others 4
Firestone 4—Others 3
Firestone 10—Others 5
Firestone 9—Others 6
Firestone 6—Others 1
Firestone 2—Others 0

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SCORECARD continued

burn High publicly dared Ricky to swing. They brought in seven players and bunched them near home plate. Washburn's pitcher was, in effect, the lone fielder. But Ricky kept cool. The pitcher threw four times, and Central's specialist had his 21st straight walk. "My average may be .000 officially," he said. "But I like to think of it as 1.000."

BLOWING THE WHISTLE IN DIXIE

Oglethorpe College of Atlanta signed its first Negro athlete last week—William Sheats, a 6'5" forward from all-Negro Harper High.

Another ray of hope in the dawn of a new era, or words to that effect?

Not exactly. Leonidas S. Epps, the basketball coach at Atlanta's Clark College, said Sheats had previously signed a letter of intent to attend Clark, a Negro institution.

Epps charged that it is common practice for white colleges to raid signees from Negro colleges and promote athletic scholarships for their athletes at white colleges as "flesh peddlers."

Said Epps: "The letter of intent and gentlemen's agreement does not seem to hold true when Negro athletes are being recruited. What I mean is, if a Negro signs with a Negro school, white coaches pay the letter of intent no attention at all."

Said Oglethorpe Basketball Coach Bill Carter: "They've been clamoring at schools in the South to integrate. So when we do, they want the white schools to leave their boys alone. Let me tell you this, we're going out to get the best athletes we can. That's all we're trying to do, and we'll continue to do it."

If this is the new, new era that's going to emerge, what say we get together, gentlemen, and hold back the dawn.

REVOLTING

For the second time in two years the players on the professional golf tour are threatening to pull out of the PGA and set up their own ball game. In 1966 the skumish was serious, but the players were eventually mollified by certain apparent (not real) concessions that the PGA made concerning the running of the tour.

In the ensuing year the pros smartened up, and this time the confrontation has reached the showdown stage. The pros are demanding that the PGA

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

give them operational control over the tour and its affairs by June 15 or they will boycott the PGA Championship in July and then presumably seize control by quitting the PGA and putting on their own tournaments. In the last few days the pros have been quietly searching around for executive talent to run such a new tour.

Does this mean that if the PGA refuses to give in to the pros' demands for control of schedules, television and tournament income that the golfers will really walk out? Hardly. Whether the majority of the players like it or not, no revolt is going to be successful unless the stars of the game are leading it. And as of now, the pro tour's biggest names are not eager to desert the PGA—though they strongly oppose its policies—until they are convinced that any new tour is going to be an assured improvement.

The very cause of the present rebellion suggests how much trouble the pros might have in running their own affairs. The brawl has exploded over an offer by Frank Sinatra to hold a \$175,000 tournament in Palm Springs, Calif. within a month of the long-established Bob Hope Desert Classic at the same site. A majority of the touring pros, governed by the most predictable of all reactions, greed, wants the tournament scheduled, and their players' committee so voted. But the PGA, recognizing the fact that the Hope tournament—and all tournament sponsors—deserve some protection from such direct competition, vetoed the proposal. The PGA was absolutely right to do so.

For the past few years the PGA has been singularly inept in the handling of its burgeoning, multimillion-dollar tour. But the one group that might run it even worse would be a small-minded committee of touring professionals. The sport deserves something better.

AGH REVISITED

Last winter we interviewed the champion jockey of Iran, 85-year-old Khodaghohi Agh (SCORECARD, Dec. 5), who has been race-riding for 66 years. About a month ago our man in Teheran informed us that Agh had fallen from his mount in a race and had been crushed by his horse. Doctors said that he would never ride again.

When Agh regained consciousness in Reza Pahlavi Hospital, he pointed to the foam-rubber mattress on which he was

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

lying and announced, "I must die on horseback, not on these uncomfortable things." A week ago he was released from the hospital, and last Friday he rode in five races at the Kharghoush-Darch track. He was third with two of his mounts but petulant as a Hartack because he had failed to come up with a winner; he refused to talk to the press and complained it had not reported his accident correctly. "I never fell off the horse," Agh said. "The horse stumbled and fell on me."

TIME OUT FOR SPORT

A constructive measure to reduce television's inordinate influence on sport was taken in the House of Representatives last week. Richard L. Ottinger, Democrat from New York, introduced a bill that would 1) prohibit any network from owning an interest in any professional football, baseball, basketball or soccer team or in any person or organization engaging in the promotion of professional games; 2) prohibit the selective blackout of any professional sports event except in the city where the event originates; and 3) prohibit the interruption or suspension of football, baseball, hockey, soccer, golf, wrestling or boxing matches to permit broadcasts of advertisements.

We have in recent months deplored the manipulation of sport—its regulations, traditions and ethics—by the television industry. We have said that television should simply follow the basic rule of journalism: report what happens, don't arrange what happens. Strong legislation, like that which Representative Ottinger has proposed, is needed to set things right.

THEY SAID IT

- Casey Stengel on learning of Whitey Ford's retirement: "He was my banty rooster. He used to stick out his chest, like this, and walk out on the mound against any of those big pitchers. They talk about the fall of the Yankees. Well, the Yankees would have fallen a lot sooner if it wasn't for my banty rooster."
- Jochen Rindt, Grand Prix driver on his first 500-mile race: "It was like going back to boarding school or spending a month in a submarine. It was an extended psychological nightmare, a month of interment with men who had nothing on their minds except oval-track racing and erogenous zones." **END**

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A WINNER BUT NOT YET KING

In the Belmont, Damascus again defeated the best 3-year-olds ready to meet him, but he still must avenge his loss to Dr. Fager **by WHITNEY TOWER**

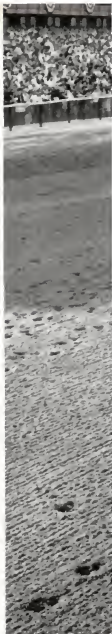
Horsemen and horseplayers are a tough, stubborn and opinionated breed, and the two major events on last week's racing calendar did little to soften their dispositions. First, at Garden State, the brilliant Dr. Fager, who skipped all three Triple Crown classics, won the Jersey Derby by six and a half lengths, only to be set back to fourth and last on a highly controversial foul claim. Four days later, at Aqueduct, Mrs. Thomas Bancroft's Damascus, third to Proud Clarion in the Kentucky Derby and subsequently the winner of the Preakness, romped to an easy two-and-a-half-length victory in the 99th Belmont Stakes.

Since Damascus went off as the 4-to-5 favorite and his triumph gained him two-thirds of the Triple Crown, one would think he should be acclaimed the clear-cut 3-year-old champion. But horsemen and horseplayers don't settle so easily for such a verdict. On the one hand, they acknowledge that Damascus has whipped his fields twice in two weeks,

has twice gained revenge for his Derby beating by Proud Clarion and has established himself as the one 3-year-old unaffected by either track conditions or distance. But they also feel the 3-year-old championship is far from settled, and that it will not be settled until Damascus saddles up for at least one conclusive race—preferably a series of races—against Dr. Fager. In the only meeting between the two, the one-mile Gotham on April 15, Dr. Fager won by half a length. After that race Jockey Bill Shoemaker took full blame for the defeat; his ill-judged ride aboard Damascus cost him his chance for victory. In all likelihood the two colts will meet again, either in Chicago this summer or in the mile-and-a-quarter Travers at Saratoga on August 19. After these contests a legitimate champion can be crowned—which is exactly the way it should be.

None of this controversy should detract from the result of the Belmont Stakes, which was run for the fifth—and, fortunately, last—time on *continued*

Running smoothly, Damascus is two and a half lengths ahead of Cool Reception at the finish.





the mile-and-an-eighth Aqueduct strip, where the field must be started from midway around the far turn at the three-eighths pole. Next year's 100th Belmont will be back on the mile-and-a-half track at Belmont Park, now being transformed into the world's most modern racing plant.

Damascus won his Belmont fair and square, and if there was anything remarkable about the race it was not the ease with which he spread-eagled his field but the great display of courage by the Canadian champion, Cool Reception. This son of Nearctic, given a fine ride by John Sellers, was actually a head in front at the eighth pole when Shoe and Damascus came to him. But in the last sixteenth Sellers noticed that "he was hurting and definitely getting dog-tired." It probably was at that point that Cool Reception suffered a broken right cannon bone. He finished on guts alone, holding a half-length margin over the 29-to-1 shot Gentleman James, who had come from last place in the field of nine to cross the wire a length in front of Proud Clarion.

It had been no secret that the pace in this Belmont would be set by another long shot, Prinkipo, who always runs as far as he can on the front end. As Prinkipo quickly took the lead, he was followed by Favorable Turn and Cool Reception. Proud Clarion, closer than usual and ridden by Braulio Baeza instead of Bobby Ussery, was in the fourth slot, with Damascus alternating in fifth and sixth with Reason to Hail.

Accompanied once again by his roan stable pony Duffy, Damascus had been the picture of gentleness in the paddock and walking ring, but when the gate opened it was another story. "For the first quarter of a mile," said Shoe later, "he was pretty rank, and I was trying to ease him back. It wasn't until we went under the wire the first time around that he came back to me and seemed relaxed. After that he was well in hand."

Heading up the backstretch, Cool Reception was in command, and it was apparent that Prinkipo was already finished as a contender. Favorable Turn hung on for a while, and Reason to Hail looked like a reasonable threat. But already the anticipated battle between Proud Clarion and Damascus was taking shape, and from the moment it began Shoemaker had it under control. "On the backstretch Proud Clarion—the only horse I figured I really had to beat—was about a length

in front of me," he said. "So I couldn't have had a more perfect position if I'd planned it in advance. Going around the far turn, Proud Clarion went to the inside and I set a course to go around him and Cool Reception."

Actually, Shoemaker made two distinct moves with Damascus. He moved with him at the half-mile pole to prevent Proud Clarion from getting away, and then again after a breather as they came out of the turn into the stretch. There the issue was settled. "I got into him pretty good turning for home," said Shoe, "and when he started to lug in at the eighth pole I switched to my left hand." The fact is that if Proud Clarion had had anything left at this point Shoemaker might have been guilty of bothering him, but the Derby winner was finished. "He had been going so easy at the three-eighths pole," said Baeza, "but when he changed leads at the quarter pole that was the distress sign. By the eighth pole he was absolutely empty."

For a fearful moment during the last 16th, it looked like Shoe was bearing in dangerously on Cool Reception as he swept to the lead. "Not really so," said Sellers. "My horse was hurting and tired, and he may have given that impression because he started to drift out. There was no question of a foul."

Jim Nichols, on Gentleman James, had high praise for his long shot, who is owned by Mike Phipps. But he complained that, "despite his good kick from the eighth pole home and the way he rated kindly for the whole trip, Gentleman James doesn't seem to put out his best effort early enough in most of his races." Damascus' winning mile-and-a-half time was a respectable 2:28.4, 5 on his way to a purse of \$104,950. It was, of course, immensely gratifying to Frank Whiteley and Tom Bancroft. Whiteley had offered Shoemaker no specific instructions before the race. "All he told me," said Shoe, "was to go a mile and a half. And we did, didn't we? He must be the best around, and the proof of the pudding is that we've now beaten these other horses for the second time. Isn't that proof?"

It may have been proof for many of the 52,120 who turned up on Belmont Day, but there is still the question about Dr. Fager, who is extremely popular with New York fans and is trained by the talkative and equally popular Johnny Nerud. Comparing Nerud to Frank

Whiteley is like comparing outspoken Harry Truman to closetmouthed Calvin Coolidge. When things go wrong for Whiteley, as they did at Churchill Downs in the Kentucky Derby, he can overcome his distress and anxiety with a simple, "I hope it will be different next time." Nerud, who was bitterly disappointed at the turn of events in the Jersey Derby, is ready for an argument at all times, and often enough his points make pretty good sense.

The facts in the Jersey Derby dispute are straightforward. It was a four-horse race at a mile and an eighth, and Dr. Fager, with Manuel Ycaza up, drew the outside post, with second-choice In Reality (who was second to Damascus in the Preakness) coming out of the third stall. Long shot Gallant Moment, with Ray Broussard aboard, was on the inside, and Air Rights was next to him. Going by the stands the first time and into the clubhouse turn, Ycaza—who never has tried to tailor his style to the good-hands hack class at the Devon Horse Show—was clearly and needlessly guilty of herding the field too close to the rail. Broussard actually brushed the rail, and it cost his mount all chance of running his race. Since Dr. Fager was by far the best horse, Broussard and Gallant Moment would probably not have won in any case. And, as New Jersey State Steward Keene Dingfield pointed out, if the incident had occurred in a large field, the winner's number might not have come down. But, since it was a four-horse field, the stewards felt they could not deprive the fourth-place horse of the third-place money. That meant taking \$77,480 from Dr. Fager and giving it to second-place In Reality, giving second place and \$23,840 to Air Rights and \$11,920 to Gallant Moment, who was beaten by 26½ lengths. Dr. Fager had to settle for \$5,960.

"It's a bad break for us," said Trainer Nerud. "They took the horse down, but you are not going to alter the outcome if you run the race over three times. The film patrol clearly shows that Dr. Fager did not touch one horse, regardless of the accusations of herding in the turn. Despite what I've seen in the Derby, Preakness and Belmont, I still think Dr. Fager is the best 3-year-old in the country. I've been quoted as saying that Dr. Fager could have won all three of those races. I didn't say that. I said Dr. Fager could have won any one of them

After viewing the patrol films (right) of the Jersey Derby, stewards decided that Yocco (on the outside) had herded the field too close to the rail and they canceled Dr. Fager's victory.

that he started in. That's different."

Looking over the Belmont field last Saturday, Nerud added, "Believe me, no one would rather win the Kentucky Derby than I would, but we simply didn't have any 'bottom' on Dr. Fager before the race. He hadn't had enough training. There was nothing I could do about it. First he had the blood infection, then the knee trouble and finally we had a bad break in New York trying to train on snow and ice. I simply couldn't meet a Triple Crown schedule. If I'd been able to get him to the Wood Memorial we'd have gone to the Derby. But I can't control scheduling.

"Nobody knows if any horse can stand the rigors of our modern Triple Crown schedule anymore. I know it's probably just idle talk, but I'd like to see the Triple Crown races started a month later. Run the Derby in June and then have a minimum of three weeks between the other two. All contenders would be ready to run a mile and a quarter in June, and my system would allow horses more time to get ready and to collect themselves between races. I'd also change the weight from 126 to 122 pounds. The reason we haven't had a Triple Crown horse since 1948 is that we're wearing our horses out in four crucial weeks. They can say what they want about Dr. Fager and his not making these three races, but I'm thinking about only one thing: what's best for the horse. Dr. Fager is brilliant and popular. I'm taking nothing away from Damascus, because I think he's a terrific horse, too. But Dr. Fager is big and strong and has tremendous speed. If he doesn't make a great sire they better tear the book up."

When the 99th Belmont was over, there were two salient conclusions. If Frank Whiteley's stable pony Duffy had accompanied Damascus to Churchill Downs on May 6, we might now have our first Triple Crown winner since Citation. And if Damascus and Dr. Fager do not meet this summer, the voting for a 3-year-old champion in the fall will lack a certain authority. Johnny Nerud says, "I'd like to get together with everyone." If Damascus and Dr. Fager do get together, it will be a horse race. **END**



GENTLEMEN, JUNK YOUR ENGINES

You're going to have to discard the old-fashioned piston kind and get a turbine like Parnelli Jones's to stay in the Indianapolis 500, if last week's race was any clue—even though the turbine ultimately perished **by BOB OTTUM**

Twenty hours after all the screaming had stopped, calmer, cleaner and \$171,227 richer, Anthony Joseph Foyt Jr. sat at the Indianapolis Speedway Motel and ate hugely of steak, eggs, potatoes and hot toast. The dining room looks out through big windows on the first tee of the Speedway golf course, and there, a few yards away, stood Rufus Parnelli Jones. He planted his black-and-white saddle shoes on the tee and prepared to slam out a drive on his frustrations. Beyond both of them lay the Speedway itself, where another group of men were waiting to take pictures of Foyt in his marvelous orange racing machine. And out around everybody, in a circle of spring green, lay all of Indiana, which can be described as a state of emotional wreckage.

This was last Thursday, a day to remember because, after the craziest Indy 500 ever, it was the day when people gradually began to realize that there does not seem to be much old Indy can ever do for an encore, short of firing the drivers out of cannons.

Foyt, as everyone knows by now, won the race—his third 500 victory—and all that money in a scary finish. Jones, in the tradition-shattering turbine car, lost out at the very end after sassing along in front all day. But there was much more. Foyt's winning speed of 151.207 mph was a new record and his tires were Good-years, breaking the victory string Firestone had enjoyed since 1919. Jones, a Firestone man, broke so many track records it left everybody dizzy, and he led every lap but a few in the middle, when he whooshed in to fill 'er up with kerosene, and the four on the end that really counted. The race got off to the smoothest start in its history and went on to the smashiest finish, full of fly-

ing machinery. The 51st running of this hoary classic put up 32 glittering piston cars against the turbine, and one cannot be too sure that the jet really lost. A new era in Indy racing may have whistled in, and if it did, they might as well change the name of the old Brickyard to the Indianapolis Motor-Jet Speedway.

The unshakable Mr. Foyt won the race only by a bit of driving instinct so perfect it is slightly spooky. He could not sleep all last Wednesday night just thinking about it. He had pictured to himself the possibility of a last-lap smashup just seconds before it actually happened—then slammed on his brakes and avoided it.

On Thursday morning he gestured with a forkful of steak and said: "Man, I don't know what it was, but I just had this instinct and I put the hinders on her and slowed down. I must of been going only about 100 miles an hour, hell, I could of walked faster than I was going. But I knew there was gonna be this crash."

"When I peeked around the No. 4 turn and saw all that smoke, I said, 'Oh, God!' I popped her into low and pulled down to the inside of the track. And as soon as I could see where everybody was spinning to, I stood on it again and drove her on through to the finish line."

Foyt was the only man who made it. After his orange car streaked through the smoke Race Starter Pat Vidan red-flagged everybody else. It was just as well. Even auto racing fans, who make pro football enthusiasts look like bird watchers, can stand just so many emotional peaks and put-downs. In the first place, anyone with a lick of sense could see on the morning of Memorial Day that it was going to rain. The day was grim, a chilled 56°; skies were elephant-colored and the weather bureau warned

of a squall line moving toward the city.

Still, there were those 33 beautiful, siren cars out on the track, qualified at a record average speed of 164.173 mph. An estimated 275,000 overoptimistic people trooped to the Speedway dressed as though they were going to watch the Holmenkollen ski jumping championships.

Thirty-two cars revved up, spitting and barking. Jones's jet sat humming—a high, sinister whine that nobody could hear in the thunder of pistons. There was a burst of aerial honks over the track and a splash of balloons—and away they went.

In the next 18½ minutes Jones ran 18 lovely laps, everybody chased him as well as they could, which was not very, and Indy saw the shape of things to come. The shape of things to come is a two-foot-high, six-foot-wide, 12½-foot-long, 1,750-pound hunk of insurrection. It has four-wheel drive, a horsepower output estimated at somewhere between 500 and 1,000, and if it stays legal every driver is going to demand one.

The perfect start on Tuesday was carefully designed. Chief Steward Harlan Fonger had called a secret meeting to acquaint the drivers with his low opinion of last year's first-lap debacle, and to threaten them with the stake should it be repeated. Pole-position man Mario Andretti brought the cars down in a line, all in step like mechanical Rockettes. There was a brace of low-hung, rear-engine Fords sitting alongside Andretti, those of Dan Gurney and Gordon Johncock, and behind them, neatly in a row, ran the Fords of Foyt and his teammate, Joe Leonard—and the turbine.

Halfway into the first turn, with the field cranked left and screaming, the monster car made a massive yet dainty

continued

All alone is the lead. Jones's wondrous turbine car outruns the Indy field for 156 of the race's 200 laps, only to be stopped by a gearbox failure





On the very first turn Jones's turbine cockily challenges the pole car of Mario Andretti, which it soon leaves behind.



His race run, Jones dejectedly mops his neck as Foyt and his wife Lucy accept winner's cheers with car owner's son.

right sidestep to the outside, where nobody goes. Nobody but jets. It ticked the leaders off one by one and, coming off the turn in a Day-Glo red swoop, slashed past Andretti. When it materialized out of the cold, gray air on the main straightaway, Jones, driving easily, waved at Sponsor Andy Granatelli, who was pacing on the sidelines football style in a raincoat that would contain two Bear Bryants.

Jones's speed for the first lap was 154.374, well over Jimmy Clark's 1965 record of 151.388, and Parnelli spent most of the rest of the race knocking out other records, despite frequent slow-downs for the yellow caution flag that came out for minor accidents.

But not all on the same day. The rain came. Unlike soccer and Grand Prix racing, Indy does not run in the rain. Jones pulled in, along with everybody else, put on a straw cowboy hat, lit a cigarette and drawled, "Ain't no use for everybody to risk their necks in the rain. If the car lasts through the race she'll beat everybody easy, and if she don't you ain't got a thing to worry about."

On the track, crews wrapped the cars in plastic bags, as though each one had just come from the cleaners, and the fans, who definitely do not have enough sense to come in out of the rain, milled around the infield, creating the world's biggest bog. Track Owner Tony Hulman finally postponed the show. Those who could stay in town restlessly awaited Chapter Two.

The Andretti crew installed a new clutch; Mario had spent the first part of the race in the pits after one big early move past Dan Gurney, who at that point led Foyt in the piston men's despairing pursuit of the turbine. Jones just relaxed that evening, and Foyt was so loose he dined with Hulman and needed him about the postponement. "I'm so sure I'm gonna win this race," he told Hulman, "that I ought to charge you for keeping my money overnight."

On the second day the crowd was down to perhaps 150,000. The fans filed in again, and in the next three hours there were two Indy 500s: Jones's jet division and the race among the suddenly obsolete piston cars. Foyt's strategy was simply clear. He was following—not chasing—Jones around the course, lurking between 13 and 55 seconds off the pace, fully ready to strike when the jet broke down.

"And I knew, I dead-certain knew inside me," he said, "that it was going to break."

But as the cars strung out over the 2½-mile track and the day wore on, the turbine looked as if it would not break in 5,000 miles of racing. Other cars did. Andretti's, rechecked and running nicely but an impossible six laps in arrears, threw a wheel on his 59th lap and was out for good. Scotland's Jimmy Clark, the 1965 winner, fell out after one pit stop in which his crew looked at the sparkplugs and found them bathed in oil. Graham Hill, last year's champion, was running last in a car that needed first aid. Scotland's Jackie Stewart conked out on the fourth turn—right where he conked out last year, when he had the race won.

Others had brief dashes at glory. For two splendid laps—so quickly that the scoreboard failed to record the fact—Gurney actually led, after a moment when Jones was nudged into the infield by another car and lost time wrestling the jet back under control. It was Gurney who was closest to Jones for 58 laps, until he had to pit prematurely with a stuck fuel tank valve.

With Gurney in trouble, Foyt was No. 2 and driving with that unearthly confidence of winning. On one pit stop, rolling past Jones's quarters, he waved to Granatelli with a cavalier gesture of nice vulgarity.

Jones was on his 197th lap with but three to go to the checkered flag when it happened. His pit crew had been flashing "easy," and "save fuel" signs at him. Parnelli had heeded them. But then, on the backstretch, the jet began to slow down. A \$6 ball bearing had failed, crippling the gearbox. In effect Jones was in neutral, and all he could do was roll around to his pit.

Foyt came past his pit, nodding his grasp of the situation, and held up one orange driving glove, his thumb and finger together in a triumphant circle. As he headed around for his last lap, that sixth sense signaled danger. Ahead a pack of snarling cars was pouring out of the fourth and last turn. The suspension snapped on Bobby Grim's turbo-charged Offy. He slowed abruptly, and nearby Chuck Hulise and Carl Williams bumped. Williams careened into Grim. All three went skittering into the track walls while two more cars, those of Bud Tingelstad and Larry Dickson, spun out

trying to avoid them. Driving slowly, Foyt studied the mess, then came through the field like a motorized quarterback, bursting out from under a blanket of smoke. He waved to the crowd as though it had been easy.

"With all respect to Parnelli," he said later, "that of jet car has twice the horsepower of anything here and it just ain't fair to run it in this engine class. If that kind of car isn't restricted to a fair place next year, everybody's going to have to get one to stay competitive. I'll get one myself if I have to."

Needless to say, Jones and Granatelli were sad about the breakdown, but at the same time thrilled over what the turbine had shown Indy. "At least I think I had the best car," said Jones. "I was driving the last four laps so slow I thought nothing could go wrong. It was like a Sunday drive down the highway."

By Thursday morning, while Foyt was at breakfast and Jones was on the links, another battle was developing—the one to decide the turbine's future. Obviously the gearbox troubles could be corrected with a little development work. The car's brakes, which had been suspect, too, had worked fine.

This week the United States Auto Club started debating ways to keep turbines in the 500 yet put them on a roughly equal footing with the piston cars. It appeared unlikely that turbines would be barred, and equally unlikely that turbines as powerful as Jones's would be let in again.

Either way, the old Brickyard clearly will never be the same. There will be no keeping them down on the farm now that they've seen the jet.

As for Granatelli, he announced that he aimed to stay in the turbine business and was getting a steady stream of inquiries about copies of the Jones car. "Soon as we have firm orders," he said, "we'll build 10 of them for Indy and championship racing next year. Although we were knocked out in the final minutes, we proved without question that this car is the racing machine of tomorrow."

Foyt was not so sure. "Ah've always said," he drawled, "that the Indianapolis Speedway is a proving ground for cars, not airplanes."

It may be both. Perhaps Tony Hulman had better practice saying those historic words, "Gentlemen, light your afterburners."



Alone, Ryun strides smoothly through finish.

TWO GUYS NAMED JIM HAD THE SAME IDEA

Miler Jim Ryun was not sure. Sprinter Jim Hines was certain, but their aims were alike, and so were the results in Los Angeles by TOM C. BRODY

When a big, boisterous, noisy crowd full of good will, cold beer and high expectations grows suddenly quiet, look out—something wonderful is about to happen: Houdini tied up at the edge of a river, Notre Dame on the two-yard line, Marv Throneberry settling under a high pop-up.

Twice last Friday night at the Los Angeles Coliseum an official, his gun arm raised high, said loud and clear: "Get on your marks. . . ." and the echo boomed off the high-banked stadium and the crowd went quiet—absolutely, breathlessly quiet. And why not? First Jim Ryun, strong, fit and completely unprepared for anything spectacular, flabbergasted himself by running the second fastest mile in history with almost no help from the field and on a slow, slow track, missing his own record by just 1.9 seconds.

And then again came the hush. There, coiled in their starting blocks, 220 yards from the finish line, was a collection of high-kneed, arm-pumping speed, more of it, probably, than has ever been assembled on anybody's starting line. There were nine sprinters, and the one who did not break a world record might very well finish dead last. Forget the record. The track took care of that. But the race was the thing and, as the nine pounded toward the finish line, Tommie Smith, tall, lithe, graceful and, until that instant, unbeatable, was a stride behind Jim Hines—and staying there. The young hulk from Texas Southern University, who gave Charlie Greene his first honest whumping over 100 meters just the week before (SI, June 5), was at it again. Hines won the race he said he would win, and he beat the man who had

lost only twice in two years over 220 yards. It was that kind of speed.

Indeed, it was that kind of meet, with the talent so plentiful and the competition so keen that you could be excused for wondering if big-league sport had never before happened to Los Angeles. The combined Coliseum-Compton Invitational had, in fact, so many superlative athletes—17 of them were currently world-record holders—that spectators rushed in, just as they had in the pre-Dodger, pre-Rams and pre-Laker days, when you could match a couple of American Beauty roses and \$3,000 would come to see it.

Until Friday night, track had been declining steadily as a draw in the face of competition from the pros. But one side of the stadium was alive with people who wanted to see something special in the pole vault from Bob Seagren, or to watch those co-holders of the world record, Texas Southern and UCLA, mix it up in the 440-relay, or Ralph Boston, hot off a 27-foot-plus effort, in the broad jump, or quadruple record-holder Ron Clarke, fresh in from Australia, or the unbent South African sprinter, Paul Nash, newly arrived from London, or Hurdles Willie Davenport and Richmond Flowers or. . . .

No need to go on, really, because Jim Ryun was entered, and when Jim Ryun is going to run in any meet the attention people pay is almost all to him. The promoters went to work on this angle early. ALL RYUN ASKS IS A FAST PACE said one headline before the race, implying that anything over a 3.54 would be a creeping anacronym. Actually Ryun had no idea how fast he would run the mile. "I feel good," he said, "but I've

done no speed work at all. Frankly, I've got a long way to go this year."

Hmmm. Slow track, no one to press him, long way to go—now does that sound like the stuff from which to fashion the world's second-fastest mile? It does not, but with Jim Ryun such considerations become minor. He popped into the lead immediately, should anyone be inclined to go at the race in a leisurely manner, and he only let go at the end of the first 220, when Bob Redington, rabbit in residence, took over as pacer. At the half, Ryun and Redington were all by themselves and then, with one of those long-striding bursts that always brings a crowd to its feet yelling, Ryun said thank you very much and zoomed off alone. He sailed into the gun lap and burst down the back stretch. Not only was the crowd vocally up for the occasion, but the P.A. announcer, excusably smitten, seemed beside himself. "He's at 3.47, folks," he blurted as Ryun rounded the last turn.

"Oh, my God, what have I done?" was Ryun's reaction to that pronouncement. In truth, he was about three seconds slower than the announcer had said, but the time nonetheless was a highly stimulating thing to hear. Ryun's typically blistering last-lap kick became hotter still. And that, in case you should ever want to try, is one way to run a 3:53.2 mile.

Jim Hines is broad shouldered, with a deep, powerful chest, and he does not run the 220, he runs at it, as if some rascal had placed a brick wall between him and immortality. Hines will add pepper to any sprint he is in, partly because he is very fast but mostly because he has a knack of turning every race into a grudge match. "If we [Tommye Smith and he] ran 10 races," said Hines after the meet, "I'd beat him 10 times." And that, in Hines's mind, is fact, not boasting. Whatever it is, it seems doubtful that Smith and Hines will carry on a lot of cordial banter before the start of their next race.

By nature, sprinters are a cocky lot, and any one of them who is not convinced he is the fastest man alive is a dead duck before he starts. Hines is definitely not in the dead-duck category. Nor is such self-confidence entirely without logic. Last summer, for instance,



Purged, long-leaping Hines stays a yard ahead of charging Tommye Smith near finish of 226.

Smith beat Hines by a hair in a 220 in Los Angeles. Explanation? "I wasn't in any kind of shape," said Hines, "and if I was, I'd have clobbered him." Then, this winter, came three successive 5.9 sixty-yard dashes, this spring a 9.1 hundred and the 10 flat 100-meter in Modesto one week ago. No one has ever done them faster. What is more, "The 220 is by far my best race," Hines insisted after his win, despite the fact he has run few 220s.

It had to be, against the 220 field that gathered in the cool of the evening. Besides Smith and Hines, there was Paul Nash, whose times in all dashes are just fractions off the world records. The South African's only weakness, if it can be called that, is unfamiliarity with stiff, loose-a-step, loose-a-race competition. This has not been a problem for Willie Turner, a growing lad (he is 5'11") but his grandfather is 6'6") and a rank freshman at Oregon State who said how do you do? to the esoteric world of class sprinters with a 20.4 in the 220 at Modesto and followed this with a 10 flat 100-meter dash. He was second in both

races, just a hot breath behind Smith and Hines.

And there was the starter and the big crowd waiting still and quiet. And then there was motion and all that energy exploding on the track and in the stands. Hines, who according to Hines is the best curve runner in the world, won the race on the curve. Most sprinters float the turn and come on strong in the straightaway. Not Hines. He assaults the curve, as he did Friday night. He burst into the straight with that rolling, powerful gait and had three yards on the field.

For the slow-starting Smith, this was nothing new. He is usually up against it coming off the curve, but he always comes on. So it was in this race, and the cries of "Come on, Tommye!" had the ring of genuine hope to them. And on Tommye came. Suddenly he was two strides behind, then one and still moving—loose, long-limbed, 20 yards to go. Plenty of time. Ten yards and still off a stride. And was Hines worried? "My kick is just as good as Smith's," he said. And so it was—on this night. **END**

SINGING BLUES IN THE NIGHT

The World Bridge Championship was in doubt until the final session, but an dawn broke over Miami Beach last Monday. It was a case of the same old song again: nobody beats Italy's Blues **by HAL PETERSON**

For days the banana-republic torpor of Miami Beach in June seemed to have enveloped the 15th World Bridge Championship. Nobody got wildly drunk, nobody was pushed into a pool, nobody visited the pawnshop after a clandestine detour to a casino. There were no late nights on the town, no fist fights, no cheating scandals, none of the excitement that has spiced the event at various sites around the world in the past. Then came the climactic Sunday, with Italy's Blue Team—the winners of eight straight World Championships—besieged unexpectedly by the North Americans. An era of invincibility suddenly seemed to be at stake in the ballroom of the Hotel Americana, and the

general languor vanished. But it only turned out to be, banana-republic style, an abortive coup. The Italians—yawn—were still the dictators of world bridge. Back to sorpor.

Perhaps because it should be harder for a dynasty to sustain itself each time it is challenged, the Italians seemed more serious than ever about winning this year. They were, in fact, even a little out of character. Relaxing at poolside mid-way through the tournament, handsome Pietro Forquet, a direct, pleasant-mannered Neapolitan who is thought by many to be the best bridge player in the world, was distinctly subdued.

Mildly incensed that some had labeled him a playboy and suggested that his

relatively poor bridge last year had reflected a certain diversion of interest, Forquet was defensive. "After our win against the French yesterday we have two bottles of champagne, no more," he said, with the help of a comely interpreter. "People like to gossip. If I relax before a match, that only helps me play better. I have a lot of responsibility here, and I know that everyone is watching every discard. Do you think that I am not serious, for example, just because you see me here by the pool?"

Mollified by assurances that such an assumption would be unreasonable, Forquet resumed: "It is true that victory is no longer so exciting, after so many, and that I have considered retiring. It is hard

ONE THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN AND ONE THAT HURT

BY CHARLES GOREN

North South vulnerable
South dealer

SOUTH (Forquet)	WEST (Kaplan)	NORTH (Goren)	EAST (Kay)
PASS	PASS	1W	3♠
3♠	PASS	3♦	PASS
	PASS	4♦	(all pass)

Because of its overpowering performance through the years, Italy's Blue Team has become enshrouded in both myth and legend. The myth is that the Italians possess a genius for bridge that is beyond the ken of American players. According to the myth, America could never win the title away from Italy, but could only inherit it. This is nonsense. The legend, which is much closer to the truth, is that the Blue Team plays amazingly close to its theoretical ceiling when it hits to. In this respect, the Italians are unique. Most American experts do not figure to show their peak form more than three sessions in four. What the Americans had to do to stay in contention against Italy in the two-day finals was to maintain a level of performance—perhaps exchanging a little brilliance for added stability. The fact that they were able to do so on Saturday is what made the World Championship close, and their complete failure to do so on Sunday meant overwhelming defeat. This hand, the last one of the first session on Saturday, is a perfect example of the fierce quality of that day's play.

Forquet's four-spade contract was reasonable enough. The opening lead was the jack of clubs, which Kay overlooked with the queen in order to lead his singleton diamond. When Forquet then began to pull trumps, Kay held back the ace for one round to give West a chance for an informative discard. West shed the 8 of clubs, confirming that the opening lead had been the top of a sequence. When East won his spade ace he underled his high clubs, putting West in for a killing diamond return.

It was a flawless defense, but hopes that it would provide a North American breakthrough were in vain. When the deal was replayed, Giorgio Belladonna and Walter Azzarelli, on defense for Italy, defeated the contract in exactly the same way.

to find time for enough practice with my partner, Garozzo. With my work at the bank, my time is not entirely free. It is always a pleasure to fight these tournaments, but when you take all your vacations to play bridge, that is not a rest. Still, I do think that if some other team should win the World Championship without having a chance to beat our Blue Team, it would not be very proud."

Giorgio Belladonna and Benito Garozzo, two more members of the Italian team, happened by just then. "Do you know the secret of their success?" Forquet asked, pointing to the large, friendly Belladonna and small, self-conscious Garozzo. "Forquet!" said Forquet. He grinned broadly. Belladonna and Garozzo smiled tolerantly.

"What makes a good team is several factors," Forquet had said earlier. "Friendliness of partners is the most important." At this the Italians excel. They are, for example, godparents to each other's children. And when one of them makes a mistake with a hand, his partner

seeks to convince him that he would have played it exactly the same way.

"The Italian bidding system has nothing to do with their success," said Venezuelan Johannes Hammerich, a World Bridge Federation officer, as the final sessions neared. "The Italians are better partners. They do not waste time quarreling—which means they have extra mental and physical resources left for the final sessions."

"The French, now, are very good players, but they don't have stamina. Your Norman Kay and Edgar Kaplan, they were the best in the tournament until now, but they are getting exhausted. They don't have a chance in the finals."

"Why should North America, where there are 2,000 very good bridge players, lose to Italy, which has 200? The U.S. can't get good partnerships partly because of the disension and politics of your qualification trials and partly because of the distances separating your players, but mostly because you have too many prima donnas. They are all

professional players, they have all invented systems, they have all written books—and some of them play for their public more than for their team. They try to make a show. They try to get even on the next hand when they have just played one badly. Eighty percent of the hands should be played automatically by experts, with the effort being saved for the others. The Italians do that."

Back at poolside North American Coach ("It's a nothing job") Eddie Kantar essentially agreed: "Americans love their own system. They refuse to believe it loses, because it is hard to throw away something you have been perfecting [and, one might add, publishing] for five or 10 years."

Alvin Roth, who was contending through the week that the Italians were lucky, probably would not have appreciated overhearing such irreverence, because he was being specifically mentioned as an American who was overreacting to previous hands. Besides, like teammates Sammy Kehela, Eric Murray and

continued

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer

SOUTH (Pablo Ticci)	WEST (Murray)	NORTH (D'Alelio)	EAST (Kehela)
PASS	PASS	1♠	1♠
2♣	PASS	2 N.T.	PASS
3 N.T.	PASS	PASS	PASS

For my money, this is the hand that hurt the most. It came at a critical point in the finals, and it accentuated something that American teams have complained about for years—perhaps irrationally—namely, that time and time again the Italian artificial bidding systems put the normal contract into play from the "wrong" hand only to have the cards lie in such a way that the Italians can make the contract, while the other side can't. Murray and Kehela had apparently succeeded in blunting the Italians' attack, and the Americans were ahead late Saturday night when good luck gave Italy the biggest point swing of the session.

Each of the Italian pairs plays a different bidding system, and it just happened that this North-South hand was picked up by D'Alelio and Pablo Ticci, who use the Little Roman Club. Once East had interjected the interference bid of one spade, 14 match points depended on what Pablo Ticci bid. The natural bid was one no trump, but in the Little Roman system this would be forcing to game, showing more points than Pablo Ticci actually possessed. So he was forced to bid two diamonds. D'Alelio thus became the declarer at three no trump, and Kehela, on lead with the East hand, could not attack the vital heart suit. He led a spade, and D'Alelio made 11 tricks.

When the deal was replayed in the other room the American North, Roth, opened one club, too. But after a one-spade overcall by Forquet, the American South, Roth, bid a predictable one no trump and became declarer at three no trump. Now the heart lead from Garozzo killed Roth's chances. When the diamond finesse lost, he slumped down his cards in dismay, for he was set four. It was a staggering loss, and it left the Americans demoralized, though it hardly accounts for the next day's drubbing.

Kaplan, he is most intent about bridge.

"This game requires more courage than any other in the world," Roth said, peering sharply through his hexagonal sunglasses. "I'm probably the only one in the world who treats bridge exactly like a sport. It takes courage, it takes heart, guts, timing—like any sport. The best players have to have a *sensum* of what to do. Fortunately, I always had a natural flair for cards. I'm not bragging. I'm just telling you exact facts."

"You have to be very serious, very tough to play championship bridge," said Murray, a broad-featured Toronto lawyer. "A killer instinct is necessary. The best players always have it. That doesn't mean they aren't nice people."

"I have to play very intensely," says Kehela, son of an Iraqi scrap dealer, who came to Toronto via India, California, Jamaica, England and a million card tables. "I have to pursue bridge with dedication."

Assuming that the Italians and Americans could heat out the other three teams, France, Venezuela and Thailand, as they ultimately did, it seemed obvious that the championship would develop into something of a showdown between two different philosophies of the game. The question would be whether or not there was enough tiger in the American team this year to overwhelm the terribly efficient Italians.

For a while the tiger had trouble even growling. After only four of the 15 qualification rounds, the North Ameri-

cans had lost badly to both Italy and France and had to face those two teams again in the sixth and seventh rounds. At this point they rallied as Kay and Kaplan, and Kehela and Murray, played well against the French, winning 17-3. (Winning and losing teams divided a total of 20 victory points.) Against the Italians, amiable Bill Roth, who did well through most of the tournament, and Roth, who had been in trouble earlier, were very steady in a 16-4 win.

The Americans continued to improve, finally passing the French and getting close to the Italians, who play only about as well as is necessary. At one point Forquet took 26 minutes with a hand and went down on it by botching the play of two small cards. "This hand has a message and a moral," the announcer told the crowd of 400, which was watching on Bridge-O-Rama. "If one of the world's greatest players—who is now sitting there absolutely miserable—can do this, there is hope for us all."

By Friday night the final round-robin standings were Italy 170, North America 161, France 132, Thailand 73, Venezuela 64. Now the World Championship was down to two teams, 128 hands, head-to-head, losers weepers.

The first 16 hands of the finals set a breathtaking pace. Nothing was simple. Only one hand of the group did not involve a point swing. After consistently trailing, the Americans reached a tie at the 13th hand. On the 14th Kaplan went to six clubs when four

would have been a difficult contract. But the Americans recouped on the next board, when they stole a contract of three diamonds from Camillo Pabis Tucci and Mimmo d'Alelio, while in the other room the Italians were lured into taking an unnecessary sacrifice.

After the afternoon coffee break, Belladonna found the only chance to beat Roth on the 18th board, but the Americans then ran off 26 points in eight hands, taking an 80-75 lead. "Terrible bridge!" said a former American team member. "As I say in my book. . ."

In the evening session North America stretched its lead to 22 IMPs, but the Blue Team immediately cut it back to a steady five. The pressure and fatigue increased, and so did the mistakes. Then came the 45th hand (page 37), the one that turned the tide, as Italy defeated an American no-trump contract by four tricks for a big swing that gave the Blue Team the lead, 111-109. The Americans were never ahead again. When play stopped at 2:02 a.m., the teams were nearly dead even, 162-159, but World Championship veterans who had seen the Italians in this situation before said the Americans weren't dead even, they were dead.

Indeed they were. On Sunday the Italians, those infuriating Italians, did just what they always do in the clutch. They played flawless bridge. In the first 16 hands they did not make anything that resembled a mistake. By midafternoon the score was 198-173. By dinnertime it was 229-184, and the desperate Americans shifted to a strategy of looking for big gains—or losses. They got losses; the Italian victory margin mounted inexorably to a final score of 338-227, and the Blue Team had its ninth straight title.

As the long night was ending, most of the Americans were snoring. Kaplan, asked if the outcome was familiar, said, "Not for me." And nice guy Norman Kay quietly observed, "Bridge players are bad losers."

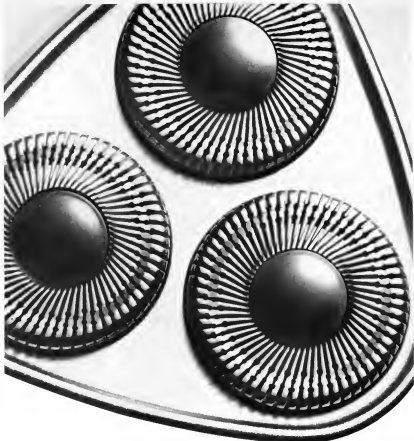
"The trouble with American bridge," an official commentator announced right into the microphone as Italy went 100 points ahead, "is that the ego reigns supreme."

But the Italians had a problem, too. Forquet, asked early in the week how the Blue Team reacts to a defeat, stumbled for an answer, then finally confessed he could not remember. He may never find out.

ENO



FORQUET (LEFT) AND BELLADONNA, CONTENTED TEAMMATES, RELAX BEFORE PLAY



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THE 1967 U.S. OPEN

The young man at right, Frank Beard, is under the wary gaze of some older competitors as he comes into golf's most esteemed event with an opportunity to upset the favorites. On succeeding pages an artist depicts the epic moments of the Palmer-Casper struggle a year ago and Jack Nicklaus assesses the historic site of this year's Open, Baltusrol Golf Club

RISING STAR WITH AN OLD PRO'S SWING

BY DAN JENKINS





Twice in the last seven weeks a nearsighted young man named Frank Beard, wearing glasses and the old-fashioned white visor of a public-course golfer, has popped up on television sets across the land and in living color whipped America's darling, Arnold Palmer. Had it only happened the first time, when Beard rapped in an eight-foot birdie to spoil Arnold's record 64 and win the Tournament of Champions at Las Vegas, he could have been written off as one of those inevitable catastrophes that occur in sport. But it happened again, three weeks later. Here came Palmer and Beard, all even, playing head to head this time, in the final round of the Houston International on the rugged Champions course. Palmer, as his army saluted, made his par 4 on the last green and then stood aside to watch Beard bend over a 20-foot birdie that he would no doubt three-putt like all good Frank Beards should. Instead, Beard sank it for a 67 and another one-stroke victory. What is even worse for the game's elite, he appears capable of doing it some more, perhaps even at some spectacular time and place like next week's U.S. Open at Baltusrol.

The funny thing is, no one really knows who this Frank Beard is. He doesn't drink champagne like the late Tony Lema, he doesn't eat peanut-butter sandwiches like Al Gerberger, he doesn't dress in Doug Sanders floral arrangements, he doesn't dance on the greens like Chi Chi Rodriguez and he doesn't give up cigarettes frequently like you know who. He simply looks like a man who comes to the course, puts down his valise, takes off his coat and vest, sees off and rams in money putts on the 18th green. The only reason he can think of why he might be unique is that he admits he is a good putter—something no self-respecting touring pro has ever confessed before. But if Beard keeps on winning money with his elegant, enviable swing, he is going to endanger his anonymity. He even could become the player that everyone in your regular Saturday gangsome will want to hang his overlapping grip on.

The devoted golfer could do a lot worse than try to copy Frank Beard's swing. Consider the touring pros. Except for those happy occasions when Ben Hogan and Sam Snead reappear, the tour has about as many stylish hitters of the ball as you might find in an ordinary Hong Kong riot. Among the more notable methods on public display are the Palmer slash, the Gary Player leap, the Bill Casper punch, the Sanders rake, the Gary Brewer loop and the Julius Bors flick. There is nothing wrong with the results they achieve, of course, but if a man is wondering where his V's ought to point, he will be far better off searching out Frank Beard.

At six feet and 180 pounds, Beard is too big to get stepped on in the rough, but the way to find him is to search for the swing instead of the man. Look for the man and you are apt to wind up with another nice-looking, pleasant young fellow—someone like Charles Coody or Dave Stockton or the home pro who has been allowed in the tournament out of kindness.

continued

A man with a classic swing of his own, Ben Hogan, gets a good look at Beard as they play together during the recent Colonial.

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But once you see the swing, you won't forget Frank Beard.

Beard's swing is one of natural perfection. It is the same one he has had since he used to chip for dimes around the public courses of Dallas when he was a kid. A left-hander who was taught by his father to play golf right-handed—always a plus because it makes for a stronger grip—he takes a slightly open stance, and it is relatively narrow. Then he brings the club up and through in a big, fluid, graceful arc; not slow and not fast, and always the same.

He does not have the obvious flatness and hand action of Hogan, who was also a born left-hander, or the speed and strength of Snead. But he has something special that brings to mind old film clips of Bobby Jones or Gene Sarazen.

Doug Ford, who is one of the more astute observers on the tour, says, "For day-in and day-out consistency, Beard is the best player out here. He is exceptionally accurate with the driver and a superb putter. We've all been saying for two or three years that Frank has the best swing of anybody."

To this, PGA Champion Al Geiberger adds, "It's just a perfect swing, that's all. Everybody keeps asking me who the next great player will be, and I keep saying Frank Beard."

Beard would like to believe it, and you would think the \$65,000 he won in the first five months of this season would be enough to keep his confidence up. But he doubts that he will ever be one of the tour supermen.

"My wife, Pat [Tony Lema introduced them at the 1965 Colonial National Invitation in Fort Worth], and other folks get mad at me for saying it, but I know the facts of life," he says. "I know that if I play my best and somebody like Palmer or Nicklaus plays his best, he's got to win."

"I don't do things like start out on the last nine holes at Houston three strokes behind Arnold thinking I'm going to win the tournament. That's the kind of thing *he* does. Put him three strokes behind anybody, and he believes he's the favorite."

Beard does feel that his game is unusually consistent. "For example," he says, "if you grade everybody 100% and down on each category of play—driver, fairway woods, long irons, short irons, bunker shots, putting—I think I would

continued

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average about 85% on everything. Palmer's highest averages would come on driving, and his lowest on short irons and bunker shots, where he admits he is weak. My best chance of beating someone like Arnold is with consistency, playing everything 85%, while he may play the woods, the long irons and the putter 100% but falls way below that in other areas."

The secret to survival on the tour, Beard feels, is learning your own pace. "They don't get the crowds very excited, but players like Boros and Gelberger are really respected by all of us because they know themselves so well," he says. "At the most, I would think that I might be able to win my way into that sort of group someday. They are steady, and they play their own game regardless of what's going on. That is the key, trying to eliminate mistakes. And by mistakes I mean gambling when you shouldn't and not gambling when you should."

Beard is fascinated with odds, and he

knows which players he would want to let hit the shots for him in the clutch, because he has decided that they are the ones who most consistently hit them the best.

"First of all, I'm gonna let Hogan hit everything, because he's the greatest shooter who ever lived. Second, I think I'd let Tommy Bolt hit everything, because he was the second best. He just didn't give himself a chance, the way he's lived, to prove it in the record books. But to be more detailed, if I need a driver, Palmer can hit it for me. For the fairway woods I'll take Dutch Harrison among the older pros and Gene Littler today. For long irons you must go with Jack Nicklaus, because he can hit them high, which is really important. Nobody can hit the short irons better than Billy Maxwell. Doug Ford is my wedge man. Out of bunkers, I'll go for a guy who doesn't play much, Dick Hart. And, frankly, I would prefer to punt for myself."

Beard is also fascinated with odds because, to put it plainly, he likes to make

a few wagers on his talents as both a golfer and a bridge player.

"It sounds bad to say you like to gamble, and mothers will probably be outraged, but I would teach any son of mine to gamble. He could learn something from gambling that he couldn't learn any other way."

Frank reflected a moment. "The greatest lesson I ever learned was when I was 12 years old. We were living in Dallas near the Stevens Park municipal course, and I had one golf club that my dad had given me. I used to go over to the course every day and chip toward some of the greens with a few of the kids. One day I had 15¢ in my pocket and this little Negro boy wanted me to chip him for it—chip up and putt out. I'd never gambled before, but we got it on. Naturally, he beat me and took my money. Boy, I went home and cried all night. But the next day I was out there practicing that shot over and over again. I started being a pro right then."

Beard makes it clear that he does not

continued

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advocate bringing up your son to be Nick the Greek or an addictive gambler who will blow the house, wife, car, kids and job on a gin hand. (He has reasons to be prudent about gambling. His older half brother, Ralph, a basketball All-America who is now a successful salesman in Louisville, was one of three University of Kentucky players involved in the basketball scandal of the early '50s.) But Frank firmly believes that wagering something when you are young and can't afford to lose will teach you a lesson.

"It will teach you what it's like to hurt," he says, "and want to fight back. Playing for something makes you try harder. I don't care what anybody says. This tour has seen a lot of country-club golfers who had store-bought games and couldn't make it. They held the clubs right, had a manufactured swing that their pros taught them and were grand sportsmen. But there was one thing missing. They had not learned what it was like to have to get it up and

down in two from out of the garbage—or go home busted. I learned it playing for nickels and dimes on the munny courses in Dallas and Louisville, and I say it's helped me a lot more than any pretty swing I'm supposed to have."

Underground on the tour the word is that Beard and one of his good friends, Joe Campbell, will play anybody for anything during the practice rounds that always precede a tournament.

When asked about this, Frank smiles and says, "I like a good game." But he adds, "The fellows out here don't play for all that much money anymore, not like you used to hear about. I don't think it's any secret that most of us like to play for a little something in practice—a \$5 Nassau usually—because it keeps you sharp. It keeps you trying, keeps up your nerve and teaches you once again not to be afraid to make a putt."

Even off the course, Beard likes a competitive wager, usually at the bridge table. The tour has a sort of unofficial bridge club, of which Frank is one of

the foremost members. It includes Campbell, Bert Yancey, Homero Blancas, Dick Crawford, Jay Dolan, Dave Hill and a couple of foreigners, Harold Henning and Bob Verwey, who are affectionately known to the rest as "the Egyptians" and usually pair up.

Before anyone gets the absurd idea that Beard is a hopeless, sinning influence on the youth of America, it should be pointed out that the direct opposite would be closer to the truth. He comes from a religious family and is himself a devout Catholic. He has two sisters who graduated from the University of Dallas with honors and are members of an order of nuns, the Sisters of Saint Mary of Nazareth. Beard is immensely proud of the fact that Sister Mary Judith, the older of the two, has won fellowships—a Fulbright and a Woodrow Wilson—for her work in nuclear physics.

Beard's interest in golf has its family background, for his father, Ralph Beard Sr., was a professional at Cedar Crest

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U.S. OPEN *continued*

in Dallas before he moved to Louisville, where he now operates a hardware store. Frank decided to devote full time to golf his senior year in high school, a move that helped him get a scholarship to the University of Florida. Late in 1962, at the age of 23, he turned pro, and in 1963 he was the leading money winner among the rookies, earning \$17,938.

There was a brief period the next year when it looked as if the golf tour might lose Beard's smooth swing. That summer he suffered an attack of encephalitis, which seemed so serious at the time that he was even given the last rites. Beard, perhaps as sick of reading overwrought newspaper accounts of his battle back from the brink of death and similar tear-stained drivel as he was from the encephalitis, has since played down the illness. It is a fact, miraculous or not, that he was back in action five weeks later and finished up the season winning more than \$20,000.

In 1965 he climbed up to \$40,377 and won his second tournament, the Texas Open; last year he won the Greater New Orleans Open and banked \$66,041, which made him the ninth leading money winner on the tour. This each year has been better than the last, and 1967 is obviously going to be by far his best. Coming into next week's U.S. Open, Beard is the hottest golfer on the tour, one who has proved he can play Open-type courses—he was third at Belleview in 1965 and 12th at Olympic last year—and if he professes to be in awe of Nicklaus and Palmer, those two are, in turn, eminently aware of the presence of Frank Beard.

The amazing thing is that in spite of winning more tournaments than many name players, as far as the public is concerned Beard continues to be an unknown personality.

"I'd like to be more colorful," he says, "but, first of all, I've got to be myself. I just don't like peanut butter or champagne. I can't hit the booming drive ['He's not what you would call short,' says Palmer tersely] and I'm certainly not Chi Chi. I suppose, if I could win enough, the people would find out who I am. However, I'm too much of a realist to think that will ever happen."

But no one else is. In the end, Frank Beard might turn out to have the best attention-getting gimmick of them all, the kind that deserves special attention at U.S. Open time—his classic swing.

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WHERE THE SHOCKER IS ROUTINE

For pure drama year in and year out no golf tournament can rival the U.S. Open. One reason is that the stakes are high—the Open title is the most desired in the game. Another is that Open courses are the finest, and are specially toughened to afford an ultimate test of skill and nerve. These conditions set the stage for rare excitement, and the golfers usually provide it: four playoffs in the last five years, the lone exception being Ken Venturi's stunning victory in the heat at Congressional. But if every Open has a way of being memorable, few will be recalled longer than the one at The Olympic Club last year, where Arnold Palmer lost a seven-stroke lead to Bill Casper (see cover). Here are the vital moments of Casper's success and Palmer's defeat, and each man's recollection of what happened.

PAINTINGS BY FRANCIS GOLDEN

Not critical at the time

Casper was near the end of a trying second round on Friday, one in which he had been forced to scramble manfully to come into the 17th hole two under par. There he bunkered his second. "The ball was on the upslope, so I tried almost to pick it clean," he says. "It hit eight feet short of the pin and rolled right in. It didn't seem especially significant at the time." But two days later the stroke mattered.



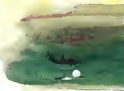




The 16th: After a duck hook, a misjudged lie

Palmer was leading by three strokes late on Sunday afternoon when he hooked his drive sharply on the 16th, a par 5. His ball ended up deep in the rough, where he is inspecting his lie (above), and is about to make a mistake. "I just wanted to get the ball into position for a good third shot," Palmer says, "but the rough was thicker than I gave it credit for. I took a three-iron, more club than I should have, and I could not get the ball up enough for it to reach the fairway. It was still in the rough—thicker than hell—and I finally had to play a nine-iron out to

the fairway." Casper, watching and getting his first real glimmer of hope, was "just thinking about my own game, of staying in the fairway. I was surprised when I saw Arnold take such a shallow club for his second shot, but nothing Arnold does really surprises me. When he is playing well he feels he can do anything. I hit my second shot with a two-iron, and when he was in the bunker with his fourth, I suddenly thought I might tie him right there. But he made a great recovery and a good putt." When Casper got his birdie the lead was down to one.

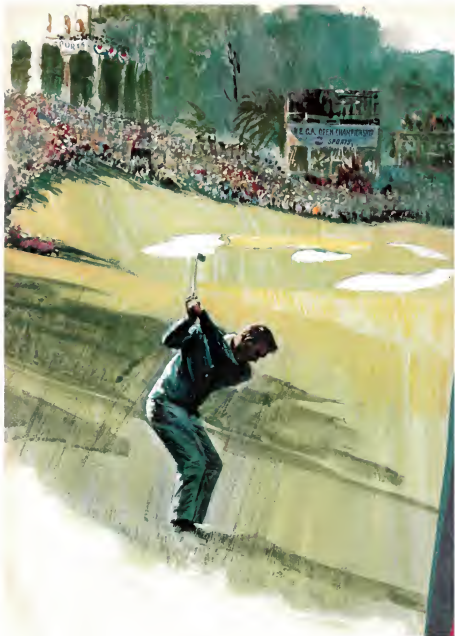


The 17th: It was in all the way, then it died

Now comes another decisive moment—and, if what Palmer did on the previous hole was characteristic of his golf, this shot definitely is not. It is the putt on the 17th for a par that he needed to protect his lead. Neither he nor Casper had played this hole with distinction, both failing to reach the green in two, with Palmer seven feet from the cup and Casper three. Palmer addressed his putt, stroked it and, recalling the moment, says, "I thought I made it when I hit it. I thought it was in the hole all the way. But it stopped, less than an inch short. There was no reason

for it to be short. No excuse. I hit it exactly the way I wanted." The miss of the putt shook the gallery. It was not so much that it had not gone in—it was not that easy a putt—but that it had been left short. None of the usual reasons for leaving a putt short applied here. It was not downhill, uphill if anything, and the green was not treacherously fast. Nor is it Palmer's style to leave a key putt, or any putt, short. It was simply a lapse, the second in two holes. And again Casper took advantage of the opportunity, sinking his own putt to tie for the lead.





The 18th: His best shot of all didn't look it

"A tremendous shot . . . a fantastic shot." That is Casper's description of the approach that Palmer is shown hitting here: at left as he swings, and below as he watches its flight while frozen in one of the comforted poses that are so typical of him. Palmer had pulled his tee shot just into the heavy rough on the left. "I thought Arnold had lost the tournament right there," says Casper, who had driven perfectly. When Palmer saw how deep the grass was, the same thought occurred to

him. "I took a nine-iron," he says, "and I hit it as hard as I possibly could. It had to be a good shot." It was, stopping on the back of the green from where Palmer was able to two-putt for his par and stay tied with Casper, for one day. Palmer's approach to the 18th green was the last pivotal shot of one of the most exciting afternoons in the history of golf. That was a year ago. Now it is U.S. Open time—drama time—again as the scene of the action moves 3,000 miles east.



The Open comes back to Baltusrol

No clubhouse in the country has served as a backdrop for more U.S. Open finishes than the one below, the many-gabled headquarters of Baltusrol Golf Club. Founded in 1895—and named for a murdered farmer who once owned the land on which it is built—Baltusrol has become the most renowned course in the New York area. Four times it has played host to the U.S. Open, and on each occasion the event produced a champion whose victory either came as a complete surprise or was achieved in some

stimulating fashion. In 1903 Willie Anderson, a businesslike little Scotsman, won in a playoff and began a string of three straight Open championships, a record that still stands. In 1915 a little-known amateur, Jerry Travers, became one of the five amateurs ever to win the Open. (None has since.) Johnny Goodman in 1933.) By 1936 Baltusrol had torn up its old course and built two new ones—the Upper and the Lower—and the result that year on the Upper Course was even more shocking than having an amateur win.



As hordes of his personal friends, inexperienced in the etiquette of golf, trampled the 18th green, Tony Manero, a tiny, mustachioed pro from the Bronx, shot a last-round 67 and won with a record-breaking 282. In 1954 it was down to Baltusrol's Lower Course, where Dick Mayer hit into the woods on the last hole and took a double bogey 7 to lose to Ed Furgol, who also went into the woods when his turn came on 18, but saved a par by playing his second shot into a fairway on the Upper Course.

"The Lower Course is now substantially the same as it was in 1954," says Joseph Dey, the USGA's Executive Director. "The only difference is that the banks of many of the bunkers have been redesigned." What this means is good-sized greens (about 7,000 square feet on the average), lots of bunkers (52 in the fairways, 74 guarding the greens), four long par-3 holes (average length: 202 yards), and a unique pair of finishing holes (they are both par 5s). The 17th is 623 yards, with a huge nest of bunkers in the

middle of the fairway and is described by Dey as "one of the few authentic par 5s in the country." It will take most of the field a full third shot with a middle iron to reach the green in three. The first hole is shorter (542 yards), but includes those trees that Mayer and Furgol made famous.

What kind of golf will be needed to win next week's Open? On the following pages Jack Nicklaus gives his appraisal of historic Baltusrol and tells how the pros of this era will approach the challenge it presents.



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INSTEAD OF OPEN TERROR, A SUBTLE PLEASURE

BY JACK NICKLAUS

A favorite to win at Baltusrol tells why the course is a rarity—one that will truly test the pros but not leave them quaking

The U.S. Open parades under more different colors than any other golf tournament in the world. It has been, is now and will often again be a pretty terrifying experience. Recall, for instance, Oakland Hills in 1951 and 1961, with its deep rough and its endless bunkers. Or Oakmont in 1962, with its immense, slick greens and furrowed traps. Or Brookline in 1963, a frightening combination of narrow fairways, tiny greens and gale winds. Or the heat at Congressional in 1964. Or the length and huge, rolling greens at Bellerive in 1965. But next week's U.S. Open is going to be different. It is being held on a course that is marvelously fair and yet exceptionally challenging. The Lower Course at Baltusrol, in Springfield, N.J., is a pure test of golf. It is one of the finest courses we have played the Open on in years, and I think both the field and the spectators will enjoy it very much.

No golfer wants to be frightened by a course. He does not want to take a look at a hole he is about to play and have his immediate reaction be fear, instead of splendor or beauty or challenge. In many Opens fear has been the dominant emotion. The rough has been very deep, the fairways narrow, and often, I think, the luck of a good or bad bounce has had a major influence on a player's score. That will not be the case at Baltusrol, because the course, while not

easy by any means, has a good balance between the opportunities for success and the chances of getting into trouble.

The ball will have to be driven straight—that is true of any Open—but the fairways are slightly wider than usual, which means there will not be an excessive demand for straight tee shots. The greens are large enough to hit with reasonable regularity, but not so large that they will cause a high incidence of three-putting just because of their size. Three-putt greens will more likely follow an approach shot that has been played poorly onto the green. There are some long holes and some greens are going to be missed, but missed greens will require only very good chipping and sand play to salvage a par, not a series of miracles.

The essential character of Baltusrol is unlike that of any golf course we play on the tour, and only occasionally does it look like any other course in the northeastern United States. In fact, if someone put a blindfold on me and led me out to four or five holes on Baltusrol I would think I was at a Scottish links, or perhaps Royal Birkdale. This is especially true on many holes between the 7th and 16th, where there are stretches of flat, almost treeless land and the greens are surrounded by mounds and bunkers that have a rugged natural quality.

Baltusrol's strong British quality does introduce a factor that will be very

continued

important in the Open and may not be relished by some of the players next week. The beautiful British mounding and trapping has created a number of blind and partially blind shots off the tee and onto the green. On 3, 10 and 14 it is impossible to see from the tee where your drive will land. On 1, 5, 7, 10, 11, 12, 16, 17 and 18 only the top part of the flag stick is visible from the fairway. As a result, you do not know for sure, just from looking at the green, whether the pin is in the front, middle or rear. When hitting to a green that is 30 to 35 yards deep you could be off by as much as the difference between a five-iron and a seven-iron. The caddy assigned to me better have good legs, because he is going to be out on the golf course every morning making a note of the pin positions. Anyone who does not make this kind of preparation will have a hard

time getting the ball close to the hole.

Problems of this nature aside, most of us in the field are going to have a large number of favorite holes at Baltusrol, and not just because they are birdie holes. I have played the course only a few times, but already I have found several that I particularly like or that I think will have a significant effect on the scoring, four of which are shown below. Considering them will give you an idea of why Baltusrol is a fine course.

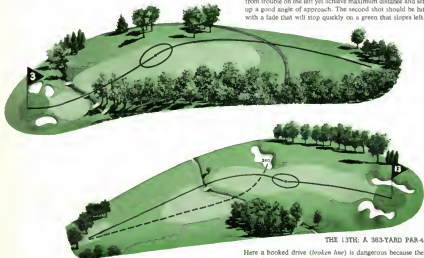
The first is No. 3, a par-4 of 438 yards that slopes downhill between two groves of trees, across a creek about 80 yards short of the green and to a fairly large, rolling green. I like this hole because it sets up such an interesting approach. The left side of the green slopes sharply to the left. A shot from the right side of the fairway—undoubtedly with one of the mid-irons—will tend to bounce

left and may run right off the green. Ideally, then, the approach should be hit from the left side of the fairway so that it will land into the slope of the green. But the left side is by far the more dangerous off the tee. The hole doglegs slightly from right to left and a drive that misses the fairway to the left will be, as we say, in jail. In other words, a drive that strays too far to the right may end up in the rough, but at least from there a clear shot to the green is possible. I imagine the bulk of the Open field will drive down the right side of the fairway with right-to-left draw. This will result in maximum roll down the slope and, hopefully, bring the ball into position on the left side.

A great deal has been written in praise of the 4th at Baltusrol, the par-3 over a pond that is ranked as one of the best 18 holes in America (SI, Feb. 15, 1965).

THE 3RD: A 438-YARD PAR-4

A hooked drive (*solid line*) aimed at the right will keep the ball from trouble on the left yet achieve maximum distance and set up a good angle of approach. The second shot should be hit with a fade that will stop quickly on a green that slopes left.



THE 13TH: A 383-YARD PAR-4

Here a hooked drive (*broken line*) is dangerous because the target becomes so small. To stay in the fairway and avoid the trap at left a hook has to be aimed almost directly at the trees. A fade (*solid line*) is a must to open up this very tricky hole.

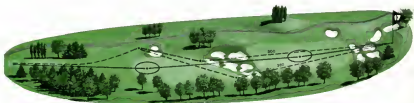
I like this hole very much. One of its most important features is the fact that the front of the green is faced with stone—like a seawall. Most water holes have greens that slope gently down to the water fronting them. This brings too strong an element of luck into play, a kind of it-depends-on-the-bounce situation. Not this hole. You know where the hazard ends and the green starts. You are either sunk in the water or nicely on the green. The green is wide and has two levels, a feature that sets up an interesting variety of tee shots, depending on where the flagstick is positioned and which tee is used. The hole will play at either 194 yards or 162 yards, this being one of the few times in an Open that the USGA has said it may use markedly different tees on different days. Any shot must be hit high to clear the water by a safe margin, but if the pin is located

in the upper-left corner the shot should be hit toward the center of the green and “worked” up the slope with right-to-left draw. If the pin is in the lower-right portion, a cut shot with left-to-right trajectory will have to be played into a very tight position. There are three traps behind the green, not to mention some heavy rough, and a shot that flies directly into one of these traps produces what could be the most unnerving situation at Baltusrol, a downhill explosion right at a pond.

When the Open was held on this course in 1954 the hardest hole was the 7th. A par-4, it was played in an average of 4.5 strokes. It is not only 470 yards long, it doglegs to the right, with an out-of-bounds fence on one side and trees on the other. In addition, the green, though wide, is not very deep and has a nasty tendency to kick the ball over the

entire back edge. A long drive must be hit here, of course, but hooking the ball could be very dangerous. The trees on the right are very much in play from the tee, and too much hook will carry the ball clear across the fairway and into the rough on the left. The approach shot will be partially blind because of a large, mounded bunker about 50 yards short of the green and must be worked toward the pin from the front portion of the green. This shot should be faded in if the pin is on the right and hooked or drawn if the pin is placed to the left. There will be a lot of bogeys here again this year.

Once through 7, the pressure on the player eases up somewhat, but the character of the course continues. I like the 8th (par 4, 365 yards), which has a tight area for the drive and an interesting little pitch shot over a bunker, and the 9th (par 3, 206 yards), which *continues*



THE 17TH: A 623-YARD PAR-5

This is the longest hole in Open history, but simple if the ball is kept in play (solid line). A hook (broken line) and a bad lie in the rough or trap would demand a layup short of the bunkers and all but eliminate any chance of reaching the green in three.

THE 18TH: A 542-YARD PAR-5

The fairway is downhill from the tee, but nothing less than a very long drive will permit reaching the green in two. A safe second shot played short leaves a little pitch to a sabled green, no easy stroke if the Open is at stake and you need a birdie.





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U.S. OPEN *Continued*

is one of the most British-looking holes on the course, featuring a green with a very narrow opening between two traps, a crescent-shaped bunker circling around the rear and demanding a variety of shots that alter radically as the pin position is changed. The 15th (par 4, 419 yards) is a beautiful, modern-style hole with an upswept green and possibly the tightest driving area on the course; the 16th (par 3, 214 yards) is ruggedly bunkered, and the 18th (par 5, 542 yards) is a fine finishing hole. It will provide the player who needs a birdie to win the tournament an opportunity to get on in two shots if he is also willing to risk a bogey or worse by driving into the woods or creek along the left side or burying an approach in the bunker guarding the front of the elevated green.

And, naturally, I have a very favorite hole, one that may come as a surprise. It is the 13th, a par-4 of 383 yards. When you stand on the tee you see a bunker on the left side of the fairway. It is about 240 yards out, where the fairway turns slightly to the right and up toward the green. A creek cuts diagonally across the fairway angling toward the hole and forces the tee shot to carry from 170 to 225 yards. Well down the right side of the fairway there is a large and threatening clump of trees. The problem is obvious: You must keep the ball away from the trees on the right. You must also keep it away from the bunker on the left. The player who likes to hook his tee shots is faced with an almost impossible situation. The way to play the hole is to drive toward the left-hand bunker with a left-to-right fade that will carry the ball away from the trouble. This hole will yield a number of birdies to those who handle it properly. But it is extremely deceptive. I think a lot of us are going to be standing on the 14th tee saying, "How did I ever get a bogey there?"

That, in fact, may be the story of this Open. Baltusrol does not have real disaster holes, but it can nibble at you with bogeys that you do not really understand how you got. You don't leave in a state of shock, but you leave defeated nonetheless. The 1st hole is an example of a trouble spot. A 465-yard par-4, it has a creek on the right, an out-of-bounds on the left. Three fairway traps play follow-the-leader down the left side. Being one over par before you reach the second tee is a discouraging thought.

Continued

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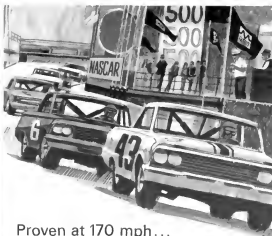
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but it is going to happen to a lot of us. The 6th (par 4, 470 yards) is not only long but the fairway is a hogback sloping sharply down on both sides and will be hard to hold with a drive. The 15th hole is tightly bunkered on both sides of the landing area off the tee, making it troublesome. The 17th, a 623-yard par-5, has achieved notoriety as the longest hole ever used in an Open. The problem will be caused by a drive that winds up in the rough. It could require a layup shot short of the six cross bunkers in the middle of the fairway. During my first practice round I dropped four balls on the fairway just short of these bunkers, and it was not until my fourth try with a three-wood that I reached the green. But if the drive is on the fairway, the hole should play as two woods and a short iron.

I think more players than usual will have a chance to win this Open. One reason for this is the essential fairness of the Baltusrol course. The other is a sort of psychological change that has taken place on the pro tour. We have been playing under the pressure of high stakes—\$100,000, \$200,000, \$250,000 events—with ever-increasing frequency. The result is that more and more pros are learning how to compete under great pressure, even U.S. Open pressure. More players than ever can stay close to the top, and when they get a chance to win they are starting to snatch at it instead of throwing it away.

Whoever the winner is, given reasonably normal playing conditions, he will probably shoot a score somewhere around the Lower Course's 72-hole par of 280, which would be four strokes better than Ed Furgol's winning total in 1954. In general, the course sets up for a player who can fade the ball off the tee. We have many fine right-to-left players who are by no means eliminated, but because of its tight fairways the Open is usually easier to play with a soft fade, and this year as usual the fader will have an edge.

And I have one last thought. There is a chance that in spite of its length—7,015 yards—someone could shoot a very, very low score at Baltusrol, well below what anyone might expect. If this happens, it won't be because the course is easy; it will be because it is in fine condition and completely fair. A record score would be a fitting compliment to Baltusrol. It is a superb 18 holes. **END**



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THE HUMILIATION OF A HERO

Early last month, Bill Monbouquette, once an idolized 20-game winner, was abruptly cut by the Detroit Tigers. In his attempts to land another job, he learned how cold baseball can be **by LEONARD SHECTER**



The humiliation of William Charles Monbouquette began in Cleveland in the late afternoon of May 10. He had been to see *Casino Royale* with his Detroit Tiger teammates, Dick Tracewski and Larry Sherry, and had returned to his hotel room to change his clothes before strolling to the downtown lakefront hall park. In his room the phone rang and Mayo Smith, the manager, said he wanted to see him. Monbouquette knew what the call was about. He was certain he had been traded. When he turned the knob into Smith's suite, he smiled to show he was not upset, and said brightly, "Where am I going?"

The manager asked him to sit down. "Bill," he said, his gravelly voice flat and grave, "we're giving you your release."

It didn't register. "My what?"

"Your unconditional release," Mayo Smith said.

When he talked about it 10 days later the pain was still visible in Bill Monbouquette's yellow-flecked hazel eyes. The square face, with the attractively masculine cleft chin, hunched into his thick shoulders. The balding spot on the top of his head was not quite concealed by the hair he had combed over it. Monbouquette looked rather like a middle-aged man who had just learned he had been deserted by his young wife. He was sitting on a low stool in front of a bleakly impersonal locker cubicle (any locker without a name on it looks like a nail on the wall) in the cool and cavernous Red Sox clubhouse in Fenway Park, a visitor to a place in which he used to live. The sweat of his work was still on him, and he ran his hand over his thickening middle, punching the flesh with his fingers as though he wanted to hurt it. "It shocked the hell out of me," he said. "It really did. I couldn't believe it. 'You mean to tell me,' I said to Mayo, 'you really mean to tell me I can't help this club?'"

That's what Mayo meant to tell him. He did it as gently as he could, but it was a shock.

It was only the first of a series of shocks to Bill Monbouquette, right-handed pitcher, a man who had won 20 games only four seasons before, a man who, in 1962, came within a single base on balls of pitching a perfect game. And here he was at age 30, a man without a baseball team.

"I tell you," he said, his eyes filling, "it's a tough thing to take. I know it has to happen. It has to happen to

everybody. That's this damn game. But I just don't feel this is the time for me."

It was five days before Monbouquette could do any more than go home to West Medford, Mass. and be comforted by his wife. Waivers are supposed to take only 72 hours, but there was a weekend in there and a baseball executive has to have time to play golf. Of course, during that time any one of 19 teams could have claimed Monbouquette. "Nobody will," he told himself. "I make too much money." He was right.

As soon as the waiver period elapsed Bill Monbouquette sent out 17 telegrams (none to Cincinnati or the White Sox—"I felt they had good pitching.") "Physically sound. Ready to pitch. Sure I can help you." He gave his telephone number and began the long wait.

In the meantime there was the part of baseball that is drudgery, the toil any man must endure to keep his body in competitive shape. He had not pitched more than two innings in a month. He had not pitched much the last half of the previous season. He had to work hard. "If somebody grabs me, I want to be ready," he said. "I learned a long time ago, be ready when they call on you. You don't get too many opportunities in this goddam game. When you do you got to be ready."

Fortunately, the Red Sox were home. So each day he left West Medford, a Boston suburb, and drove his Volkswagen to the decaying little ball park. As he walked under the stands from the gate to the clubhouse people would shout at him: "Anything, Bill?" No. Nothing. Not yet. He would dress in front of the nameless locker, put on the somewhat soiled and rumpled home uniform (locker men know instinctively what uniforms to worry about) and trudge out to the field to pitch 15 minutes of batting practice and run in the outfield with the pitchers, running a little harder and a little longer than any of them, lingering at the last to gossip with the players from the visiting teams. "Anything yet?" they'd ask. No. Nothing. Not yet.

Then he would shower and dress in the silent clubhouse, stuffing his sweaty belongings into his traveling bag, and sit behind home plate to watch the game. Every day he watched the game. Sundays he watched two. A lot of players won't go to a ball park on any day they are not being paid. Monbouquette, hurt,

a rage slowly building in him, watched them all. "I love this game," he said. "I'm like a little kid. Every day I can't wait to get to the park. Even just to watch a game."

Still, the waiting, the watching of other men playing baseball, was a new and terrible thing for him. Ever since he was a little boy, growing up on the wrong side of the tracks in Medford, he was part of the game. In his last year in high school he started at least 20 of the 26 games the team played and sometimes he pitched relief. He took \$4,000 to sign with the Red Sox, because that was the bonus rule at the time, and when you grow up in Medford you have a thing about the Red Sox. When he found out this included his first season's salary at the rate of \$225 a month he didn't care, because he was being paid for what he loved to do, and how many people can say that, especially 18-year-old people?

It took Monbouquette two and a half years to make it to the Red Sox. He came up with a good, humming, rising fast ball, a slider, a fair curve, good control and the most beautiful name in the game. It's French, it's pronounced mon-bo-oo-keet, and it means "my little flowers." It comes from his French-Canadian grandparents who emigrated to the U.S. The Boston newspapers immediately took to calling him Monbo.

Pitching in a tough ball park (nervous pitchers have compared Fenway to a telephone booth with grass), Monbouquette quickly became a darling of the hero-starved Boston fans. His earned run average was never sensational, but hardly anybody's is in Fenway. More important, he won the low-score games and built up a sensational record against the Yankees. Lifetime, he beat them 19 times. Yankee-killers are big heroes in Boston. So are pitchers who win 20 games—he did it in 1963, the first Red Sox pitcher in 10 years to do so, and he did it for a team that finished seventh. And there was the no-hitter against the White Sox in 1962. A walk to Al Smith was the only thing that stood between him and perfection. For seven and a half seasons the people of Boston showered their love on Monbo.

Red Sox management was not quite so generous. The winter after he won the 20, he recalls with some bitterness, the Red Sox offered him a \$3,000 raise. He had to hold out in order to get more. "I never made real big money," he says.

—continued—

"Never more than \$35,000. I'm not set financially. Far from it. People think baseball players are all rich. It's not true. The taxes and expenses are fantastic."

After the 20 wins Monbouquette's record dropped to 13-14, then to 10-18. So, he was traded to the Tigers. It did not come as a surprise. There had been rumors for years that he would be traded to the Yankees. They did not upset him. "Cheez," he would think, "it would be nice to play on a championship team."

In Detroit last year he finished with a 7-8 record. The disappointment was mutual. Monbo complained the Tigers gave up on him too quickly. The Tigers felt that he pitched poorly right from the beginning, yielding too many home runs, 14 in 103 innings. They said his fast ball was gone. "I can't throw as hard as I used to," Monbouquette says. "Hell, everybody knows that. I could feel it happening for two, three years. It happens slowly. You begin to notice you're not getting the pop-ups you used to. But the point is this: I know something about pitching."

"It's hard sometimes, when a fellow has had success, for him to make a change," says Mayo Smith. "He didn't think he could pitch out of the bullpen."

"The bullpen knocked hell out of me," Monbouquette said. "I never had a lot of confidence, and that bullpen knocked it all out of me."

By the end of this spring Johnny Sain, the super pitching coach, had reached Monbouquette. He convinced him that as a pitcher got older he had to adjust. He had been throwing the rising fast ball, which is fine if there's a lot of smoke on it. If there isn't, the batters jump at it. Sain cajoled. Slowly, he got Monbouquette to change his grip somewhat and then his release. Suddenly the fast ball was sinking instead of rising. It sounds like a small thing, but it's not. "All of a sudden I was getting *grounders*," Monbouquette says. "I must have been stupid. For three years I knew the fast ball was going, and I wouldn't change. I mean really stupid."

Mayo Smith saw the change and approved. "But by that time I had 13 pitchers and I had to dispose of two of them," he said. A release is like a Dear John letter. It's the Good Housekeeping seal of approval for the unloved, a guarantee that *nobody* wants you. The search for extenuation is frantic. It's a bad time of year, Monbouquette told

himself. A lot of teams hadn't been able to look at their kid pitchers. Who can understand the feelings that coursed through him? Why would a Robin Roberts attempt to start a new pitching career with Reading at the age of 40?

Then, at last, a phone call—from the New York Mets. Would he be interested in joining the team in Atlanta and then pitching a few innings of an exhibition game in Jacksonville? Would he! The phone was still warm when he was on his way.

As it turned out he had a great deal to lose and not much to gain. If he had pitched poorly that would have been the end. But he pitched well. Throwing for the farm club against the Mets for three innings, he gave up only two hits, struck out five and walked none. And it was still a dead end. Bing Devine, the general manager, asked him if he wanted to remain with the Jacksonville club. Monbouquette could not understand it.

"I know I got to prove what I got," he said. "But I think I pitched good. I was surprised how good my control was."

Devine was not impressed. "Our club isn't hitting against *anybody*," he said. "I said, facetiously, that maybe we should have let him pitch against Jacksonville."

Was there any way Monbouquette could have made the Mets?

"Look, it's a tough thing to talk about," Devine said. "The guy hadn't pitched much. He needs work. Maybe if he got it he could do the job. But we're not prepared to give him that opportunity. We let Ralph Terry go under almost the same conditions and on the same day. We all have to cut down. Maybe later on, after June 15 [the trade deadline], if a club hasn't been able to make a deal, they could fall back on a player like this. But if he has laid out nobody will think of him."

Yes, but was there any way Monbouquette could have made the Mets?

Devine hesitated. He is a decent man who guards against hurting anybody's feelings. But he is a truthful man, too. "Something *could* have opened our eyes," Devine said. "If he had popped the fast ball and made your eyes pop out you'd have to do something."

If he could pop the fast ball and make your eyes pop out he'd still be with Detroit.

On Sunday, May 21, 11 days after

Mayo Smith had slipped him the sad word, Monbouquette arrived at Fenway Park at 10:50. He hurried into his uniform telling everybody who asked, "No, nothing, not yet." and went out and warmed up. The kid catcher missed two of his curve balls that were in the dirt. Monbouquette was testy. "Dammit, bend down," he said. "Catch the goddam ball." The kid didn't say anything.

All the while Sal Maglie, the Red Sox pitching coach, kept an eye on Monbouquette and every once in a while came over and offered some advice. Afterward Maglie talked about pitching and Bill Monbouquette. "He's throwing pretty good," Maglie said. "But he hasn't got the stuff he had before. He's got exceptional control. That's one of his problems. If he misses, he's dead. If the ball isn't doing something you can't throw it down the middle."

When the doubleheader with the Indians began, Monbouquette was sitting in a box seat behind home plate. He was modestly dressed in black-green slacks, sport shirt and sweater of harmonizing greens, and loafers. He also wore a worried look and worked industriously at biting his nails and cuticles. He sat next to George Thomas, an outfielder with a broken hand who was on the disabled list. Thomas had come to the Red Sox in the deal that sent Monbouquette to Detroit. He was chattering pitches. "What was that pitch?" he kept asking Monbouquette. "Slider," Monbouquette would say. "Fast ball." He didn't miss a pitch, but his chin was down on his chest, and when people stopped by to get his autograph he would sign without looking up.

He told Thomas about how this business of baseball worked; that it was no use sitting by the telephone and waiting for somebody to call, because they wouldn't. No use having a lot of pride, either. "Let's face it," he said, "I'm not in the driver's seat."

So, he had called Bill Ragny, the manager of the Angels. Ragny said he had 10 pitchers now and two coming out of the service. He had called Joe Brown of the Pirates. Brown said he was going with what he had. He had called Paul Richards, who runs the Atlanta club. "He didn't call back," Monbouquette said, more in sorrow than anger.

Gil Hodges in Washington said he'd call if anything turned up; Eddie Lopat of the Kansas City A's said Manager

Alvin Dark had decided to go with only nine pitchers ("I don't understand how he can do that," Monbouquette said); Lee MacPhail of the Yankees said he wanted to look at a few more young pitchers. "I got a few more guys to call," Monbouquette told Thomas. "A lot of them think I signed with the Mets. It might be hurting me."

Thomas shook his head sadly from side to side. "What about going down for a while?" he asked.

"I've thought about it," Monbouquette said. "But the money is so bad it would cost me to play. And suppose I go down to Toledo [where the Tigers offered to send him] and get raked?"

"Then it's see you later," Thomas said.

After the first game Billy Rohr, the young pitcher who had started for the Red Sox—he's the lad who nearly pitched a no-hitter against the Yankees early this season—came out of the clubhouse dressed in civilian clothes (tight checked trousers, double-breasted mod blazer) and sat in a seat in front of Monbouquette. After a while he was recognized, and there was a steady stream of sweaty, ice-cream-and-mustard-smeared little autograph seekers. Rohr tried to discourage them from becoming a mob, and when Sam McDowell lost his control and blew the game to the Sox in the seventh he began to look for an escape route. "How the heck am I going to get back into that clubhouse without getting mobbed?" he wondered.

Monbouquette sighed. "I wish I had that problem," he said.

The next morning Monbouquette sat in the living room of his upstairs flat in the two-family house he owns in West Medford, on the right side of the tracks now, but quite near them, steeling himself to make the telephone calls he had promised himself he would make. For moral support there was his wife Pat, a blonde, hazel-eyed, pretty girl who speaks with the accents of her native Edmonton, Alta. This means that she, like her husband who sounds more like Canada than Boston, says "oot" for "out" and "soote" for "house." Also very much present was 20-month-old Marc, who ran back and forth from his room with his prized possessions—blanket, woolly dog, woolly bear. Pat looked cool and composed in fashionably tight slacks and blouse, but Monbouquette seemed somewhat disheveled; his sportshort, which he

wore outside his trousers, was rumpled, and dark stains of sweat were visible under his arms.

"We're going to play baseball," Pat was saying, using the collective we of fight managers and baseball wives. "Either now or next month, I can't see how baseball can afford to let his talents go to waste, and not just because he's my husband."

Monbouquette snored.

"I mean it," Pat said. "He has a few good years to give this game. It's so darn unfair."

"Right," Monbouquette said. "I'm still not ready to get out of this game. I can still outrun most of the kid pitchers they're looking at. Of course, you can't run the ball across the plate. But I know this. I can come in there, and I'm not going to be all over the lot. I'm gonna throw strikes with whatever I have."

Monbouquette glanced at his watch, steeled himself, and went into the kitchen to the household telephone, a yellow wall job. As he picked up the receiver, he said, as though trying to convince himself, "There's a lot of clubs that need pitching."

Standing—there was no place to sit—against the wall, Monbouquette put in a call to Buzzie Bavasi of the Dodgers at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York. "B-a-v-a-s-i," he spelled. "Buzzie Bavasi. My name is Monbouquette. Yes, Monbouquette. M-o-n-b-o-u-q-u-e-t-t-e." He put his hand over the mouthpiece. "Every time I tell an operator my name she says, 'What?' I tell her again and she laughs. She thinks I'm kidding. I think I'll change it to Smith."

Bavasi wasn't registered at the hotel, which meant that he was home in California. It was too early to call there, so he decided to do it later.

"Who next?" Monbouquette muttered, pacing the tiny kitchen. "Called John Quinn [Philadelphia GM] the other day, and he didn't call back. I'll try him anyway. Holland [John Holland of the Cubs] said if nothing happens to call him. That sounds like Tacoma. But what can you do? They're not going to call you."

"Why not?" Pat said, as she tried to amuse Marc into keeping quiet.

"Because you're not in the driver's seat," Monbouquette said.

He called Cal Griffith in Minnesota, the sweat stains under his arms spreading. He stumbled over Griffith's name.

continued

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HUMILIATION continued

"Hello, Mr. Griffin," he said. "Fine. Yourself? ... I suppose you know why I'm calling." (Long silence.)

"Yes. . . O.K. Thanks very much. . . Right. . . Bye."

"That's what you get," Monbouquette said. "He doesn't have any room on his club. It's hard even to get a conversation started."

He cried Chub Feeney of the Giants in Philadelphia, but he was not with the club, either. So he put in a call to Paul Richards in Atlanta. No use being proud about not being called back. Richards, he was told, was at the Brookside Country Club in Waxahachie, Texas. Holding the phone, Monbouquette made golfing motions and told the operator to get him Waxahachie.

He caught Richards in his room. "Hello, Paul. Bill Monbouquette."

"No, I never did sign with the Mets. I pitched against them for the Jacksonville club. . . No. . . No. . . They just said they had a couple of guys they wanted to look at. . . Well, I was making over \$30,000. . . I knew I wasn't going to get picked up on waivers. . . Well, sure, I know I have to negotiate for myself. . . Look, if I didn't think I could help I'd quit. I still feel I can get somebody out. . . Let me say this to you, Paul. Could you do me this favor? Call Johnny Sain. I'm sure he'll give you some pretty good words for me. . . That's what I'm trying to tell you. . . Yes. Well, I pitched three innings, walked none and struck out five. Two hits, no runs. . . No, they say they can't because of the kids. They said, would you like to go to Jacksonville to help Bill Virdon out. . . Look, you play in New York this weekend. I can be there in an hour. . . O.K. . . Thanks very much."

Monbouquette replaced the phone and ran his hands over his face. "Look at me," he said. He lifted his arms. The sweat had soaked through his shirt almost to the waist. "Brutal," he said. "Just brutal."

He explained Richards' end of the conversation. "He said he can't go by opinion. He wouldn't call Sain. He said he has to go by whether I can get them out. He said he would probably call me. Also, he asked my salary and said that's one reason nobody's picked me up. I know that. But I'm not trying to cheat anybody." He shrugged his heavy shoulders. "I might have got something out of that. I just might."

Monbouquette leaned against the kitchen counter and gnawed at a cuticle. His fingers were rough and torn with hangnails, his nails had been bitten to the quick. "Look at this," he said, holding out his hands. "I've never in my life bitten my nails the way I have for the last 10 days."

He poured coffee into a huge mug, topped it with milk and sucked at it thoughtfully as he went over the list he had made. "Quinn," he said at last. "John Quinn. Philadelphia's been having pitching problems."

"Mr. Quinn? Bill Monbouquette. How's your situation over there on your pitching staff? . . . I see. . . You only have nine, eh? To me that's kind of tough to do. . . Yes, well, just kind of keep me in mind, anyway. . . O.K. . . Right."

He shook his head. "They got Dick Groat coming off the disabled list on the 20th. They just sent Gary Wagner out. They have no doubleheaders until the sixth or seventh of June. Then they might call somebody up. Nothing there for me."

That's the way it went for the rest of the morning. Monbouquette sweated, drank coffee, bit his cuticles and made phone calls. "Marvin!" he said at one point. "Wait till these phone bills come in."

He called Grady Hatton, the Houston manager, because he didn't know the name of the general manager (it's Tal Smith, and he's called vice-president in charge of player personnel. The world moves on). Hatton said he had a lot of guys with service problems. Monbouquette wasn't quite sure what he meant by that, but he let it go. Chub Feeney was direct, he said he wasn't interested. Buzzee Bayas did not call back.

That afternoon, and the next, Monbouquette went out to the ball park and ran on the outfield grass. They were lonely runs. Paul Richards did not call back to invite him to New York. (He thought of going on his own, but didn't want to spend the estimated \$30 a day it would cost him.) In fact, no one called. Until Wednesday.

Wednesday it was Lee MacPhail. The Yankees were in the process of giving up on Whitey Ford. They needed pitching aid, as is usual for them these austere days; their farm system was not coughing up a golden arm. So, would Monbouquette like to come to Syracuse

to pitch for the Yankees against their farm team?

It flashed through Monbouquette's mind that the situation was no different than it was with the Mets. He had a great deal to lose. How much was there to gain? He brushed off the meanness. Yes, he said. Syracuse. He packed his bag.

Lee MacPhail was optimistic. "He's got a good major league background, and we may have to add a pitcher," he said. "Besides, we're down to nine pitchers, and we need somebody to pitch this game. We'll take a look. We might even take him with us if he shows enough. We can't put him on the roster just yet, but we might take him to Cleveland. We don't really know about Whitey yet."

Monbouquette pitched five innings for the Yankees in Syracuse before a crowd of over 12,000, a Syracuse record. There are two pitches he would like to have back. One was a slider. A kid whose name he will never remember lashed it to right center—a double. The other was a curve ball. It hung. Classically, a kid named Dave McDonald, who had hit only one home run for the Chiefs all season, put it on top of a building in right field.

"Monbouquette always had trouble giving home runs to left-handed hitters," said Ralph Houk, the Yankee manager.

Altogether Monbouquette gave up four hits, no walks, struck out one. He gave up three earned runs. The Yankees lost in the 10th, 5-4.

"I only made those two bad pitches," Monbouquette said. "I felt good. I could've gone another couple of innings if I had to."

"I don't see how he can help us," a man in the Yankee office said. "If we were going for a pennant, maybe we could use his experience. The way things are, we're better off bringing up a kid and letting him get the experience."

MacPhail was not so direct. With those five innings under his belt there was no use taking Monbouquette to Cleveland, he said. So, why didn't he go home and wait for a phone call? Monbouquette, who knew about waiting for phone calls, said thanks, he would.

"He looked good enough to pitch for somebody," MacPhail was saying at this point. "If not for us, then for somebody."

Thus meant don't call us, we'll call you.

Monbouquette knew it. "There might

be something in it for me," he said, resignation in his voice and lining his face. "I'd like to hope so."

The weekend flowed by like spilled glue. On Monday MacPhail actually *did* call. He sounded apologetic. He had not been able to make a decision, he said. He had some roster problems to clear up. It did not sound good. Monbouquette got a sinking feeling in his stomach. He was running out of hope.

He was spending a lot of time going over the box scores of the games the day before. A lot of pitchers on a lot of teams were getting hit hard. If general managers knew what they were doing, he thought, his phone should be ringing furiously. It was not. Never has a telephone been so silent. He began to think he was making a mistake. He began to think he should have gone to Toledo. He began to doubt his own stubbornness.

Meanwhile the Yankees were doing some agonizing, too. On Memorial Day, Whitey Ford announced his retirement. And the time had come to make a decision on Jim Bouton. He had won only seven games in more than two seasons. His ERA this year was 6.27, or horrible. He had been hard hit the last two times he had been allowed to pitch. The manager was looking upon him as if he were a time bomb. It was resolved to let him do his ticking in Syracuse.

Then they looked around the farm system. They saw Joe Verbanic, a Philadelphia Phillie discard. They called him up. They also saw Stan Bahnsen. They have a lot of hope for Bahnsen. They thought about calling him up, except that every once in a while he gets shelled by Triple-A hitting. In the majors he might be a bomb, too. Put it gently: needs more experience. After that, well, after that there was Monbouquette.

On Wednesday morning, May 31, MacPhail called again to ask Monbo if he would be home that afternoon. Monbo would. A few hours later MacPhail called again. It didn't take William Charles Monbouquette more than a minute to agree to contract terms. He was a Yankee. His humiliation had lasted just 21 days.

"I'm sure I made the right decision," he said. "Now it's up to me to go good. It's all up to me."

Two nights later Monbo made his first appearance as a Yankee, pitching two scoreless innings in relief. It felt good to be in the driver's seat again. **END**

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Race Driver **Parnelli Jones's** close loss to a Ford-engined car at Indianapolis last Wednesday was a pure case of injury being added to insult: Parnelli had been put down by Ford before the race even started. Ford had imported Sharron Moran, a rookie on the LPGA circuit, to play in the drivers' golf tournament preceding the 500. "One dozen Arnold Palmer golf balls to any man who can beat our girl!" the publicity trumpeted. Nobody bested Sharron, including her partner, Jones (below), who came in with a 107 to her 85. "It was a very cute idea," Sharron cooed. Parnelli's coos are not on record.

Admirers of Frank Merriwell are going to be cheered to hear of Duke University Tackle **Robin Bodkin** and his manly account of himself against a gang of what were, no doubt, cads, bullies and toadies. Recently Bodkin was walking alone on Duke's Campus Drive shortly after midnight when he was set upon by 10 tough. Driving in two automobiles, they shouted to Bodkin to run, that he was going to be whipped. Bodkin elected to stand and fight,

whereupon five assorted cads, bullies and toadies leaped from one automobile, and the driver struck Bodkin with a spray nozzle. Bodkin took the spray nozzle away from him and struck him back. The other four retreated, "yelling," according to a subsequent police report. "For their companions in the second car to start firing a .22 automatic rifle they had borrowed," Bodkin's assailants admitted, the report continues, "that the gun was pointed at Bodkin and snapped three times but didn't fire. Bodkin beat out the window glass of one car in trying to get to the youths, and the two cars left the scene in a hurry."

"They just plain got whipped by Bodkin," an officer said later. "The boys told us that if they had known he was so tough they would never have jumped him." Merriwell fans can have only one possible reservation about this satisfying performance. Ought Robin Bodkin to have been up at all after midnight? Surely, Frank Merriwell would have been in bed by half past nine.

"It would have been too much to wish for good acoustics, too," a Caracas music critic wrote last week. "One can't have everything." What a Caracas performance of Bizet's *Carmen* did have that Rudolf Bing is never going to provide was a live bull. Venezuelan matador **Antonio Giron** and a Mexican bull replaced the customary off-stage sound effects for the bullfight scene in the opera, which American contralto **Jean Madeira** sang from a stage built into the stands of Caracas' Nuevo-Circo arena. In this setting a real bullfight proceeded somewhat more satisfactorily than it might have on the stage at New York's Lincoln Center, but there were a couple of artistic imperfections. It did not do a whole lot for the mood of the fourth act, for example, to have Giron (temporarily in the role of Escamillo) dedicate the bull to a male

member of the audience, Venezuelan President Raúl Leoni, instead of to his beloved Carmen. And perhaps it was stage fright, but Giron killed badly. After 20 minutes and three botched sword-thrusts he had to despatch the bull with a *devachello*. Nevertheless, bullfight reviewers praised Giron's cape work, and a music critic called the opera "an ambitious experiment beautifully carried out," so it is too bad that there was only the one performance. One performance may have been as much as the cast was up to—certainly it was enough for the bull.

According to last week's *New York Times*, Mrs. Ralph C. Wilson Jr. of Detroit is suing Mr. **Ralph C. Wilson Jr.** for divorce. Required to put up \$10 million security pending a possible property settlement, Wilson looked things over and finally decided to pledge his football club. Should Mrs. Wilson emerge successful from the fray she may find herself with custody of the Buffalo Bills.

As usual, England's royal husbands are not being permitted

to bumble in peace. **Prince Philip** was thrown by a polo pony last week, landing heavily on his back, and on the same day **Lord Snowden** was severely dunked in the English Channel. All the press photographers not occupied in catching Philip out flat seem to have got Tony looking like a wet viaduct (below), but despite press emphasis on the time he spent in, rather than upon, the water, Tony distinguished himself. He was competing in the first cross-channel water-ski race over a rough 42 miles between Greatstone-on-Sea, Kent and a point off Cap Gris-Nez in France; conditions were stormy and cold, and Tony's team, cheerfully cleft the Sunny Water Ski Club, comprised only three members to share out the distance. One of them, Tony Richardson, Secretary of the British Water Ski Federation, was asked whether at any time the team had felt like giving up. "Right from the start," he answered promptly, but the Sunny Water Skiers hung on and finished fourth among only 6 teams of 52 to finish at all. The Earl of Snowden was able to go home to Princess Margaret with a new cigarette box.





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TENNIS / Bud Collins

A vote for the 19th century

Delegates from the 64 nations of the International Lawn Tennis Federation will hold their annual meeting in Luxembourg next month to vote on a British proposal to hold open tennis—competition between amateurs and pros—at Wimbledon in 1968 and 1969. The delegates are certain to agree "that it is worth looking into" but warn "that something like this can't be rushed" and conclude "that a committee should be appointed to make a further study of the situation." Then, unless lightning strikes, the delegates will reject the proposal.

The U.S. will be there, of course, voting a straight no all the way. Seven years ago, when the ILTF took the first open-tennis vote in its long history, the U.S. was for it (the proposal missed the necessary two-thirds majority by five votes), but three years later the United States Lawn Tennis Association reversed itself and that great immobile body has preferred to ignore the subject ever since.

This dismays Britain, France and Australia, strongest backers of the proposal. It also dismays the U.S. delegate himself, Robert Kelleher, who is an unusual kind of USLTA president—a progressive. While he has not campaigned for open play, Kelleher hasn't allowed the matter to be ignored, as many of his fellow officers would prefer. Through his influence a special meeting to reassess the USLTA stand will be held in New York on June 13.

"I refuse to be bound by a policy that hasn't been discussed formally in kind years," says Kelleher, referring to the 1963 USLTA resolution (narrowly passed) opposing opens.

Kelleher felt that the open proposal should be debated before it was decided how the USLTA should vote. Accordingly, he polled 43 members of the USLTA Executive Committee, inquiring whether they favored holding a hearing on the issue, not a vote, mind you, just a discussion of the subject. Unbelievably, Kelleher was turned down 22-21,

an indication of the 19th-century thinking in the world of tennis. Upset, Kelleher persisted and finally got his meeting.

"Just discussing it can't hurt," says Kelleher, "but you can't believe how emotional some of these old goats can be when they discuss it."

The anti-open forces fear that the pros would dominate the game and that the traditional amateurs-only tournaments would lose their luster. "If the pros were successful, not disorganized and struggling as they are now, there might be a reason for joining with them," says one USLTA executive. "But right now our tournaments outdraw theirs. Why cut them in?"

"Can anybody name the amateur golf champion?" Kelleher says, smiling. "That's what somebody always says when I talk about an open. They're afraid the amateur game would be submersed as it is in golf."

The latest proposal for open tennis was made by Herman David, chairman of the All-England Club (Wimbledon), and it stems from a desire to make tennis an honest game. David is well aware that the first-flight amateurs are, in fact, undeclared professionals. This has been the system almost as long as the game has been played. David and his fellow believers in wide-open play don't blame the players for supporting themselves as well as they can nor are they ogres seeking to reduce players' incomes. They feel that opens would destroy the phony system, since tournaments would offer prize money rather than inflated "expense payments." Top-ranked amateurs make few tournament appearances for less than \$1,000. But wouldn't they be inclined to shoot for the bundle in an open that offered a \$5,000 first prize?

Clark Graebner, a member of the U.S. Davis Cup team, says, "If the important tournaments became opens, and there was good prize money available, I'd turn pro." Graebner now refuses professional offers because, like others of his class,

he doubts the pros' stability and finds subsidized life on the amateur circuit more comfortable than the pro grind.

Proponents of open tennis feel that if the men who run the amateur game were truly concerned about bringing it up to date, all prominent gate-receipt tournaments would become opens and those players remaining amateur would be limited to expenses within the rules. That seems a shocking concept within the amateur game. It means that many top players would turn pro, ruling themselves out of Davis Cup play. The thought of losing their cup players will cause numerous countries to vote against opens at the ILTF meeting.

Voting strength within the ILTF totals 288, ranging from 12 votes apiece for the Big Four—U.S., Britain, France, Australia—down to one for such as Vietnam and Lebanon.

Even if the U.S. decides to join the British alliance, 144 more votes will be needed. The anti-open Communist bloc, headed by nine-vote Czechoslovakia and seven-vote Russia, has 43, which almost offsets the Big Four's 48. The Netherlands, with seven, is considering siding with an open, since it is discouraged by the anything-goes ways of amateurism. The Dutch discontinued their international championships because they were unable to meet the financial demands of the amateur players. But how most of the other countries will vote is a mystery.

And what of the U.S.? If it comes to a ballot by sections at the June 13 hearing, it appears that the USLTA would stand fast. New England, first in voting strength, led the 1963 passage of the anti-open resolution. Leadership in that section is somewhat more liberal now, and perhaps could be swayed for an open. Next in power are the eastern and western associations. Joined with New England, they can probably swing anything. Eastern seems to favor the opens; western is uncertain.

"What could happen," says one USLTA officer, "is that instead of voting, those attending the meeting will respect Kelleher's feelings and position and allow him to go to Luxembourg uninstructed, to represent the USLTA as he sees fit. There is hope for a tennis reformation at Luxembourg, but only a slight hope. After all, the game is merely 94 years old and it needs time to think it over."

END



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Slow death by committee in Boston

Politicians talk and talk about a new stadium, but nobody does anything

Quick, now, what is a Boston politician? It's a governor who explains that his hair is turning dark again because he drinks olive oil. It's a mayor who tells Sandy Koufax, "You are the greatest right-handed pitcher in baseball history." It's a woman on the city council who throws ashtrays at people and calls a councilman a bald-headed SOB—in public. And it is every legislator who plays the daily game of political football with the question of building the new sports stadium that Greater Boston needs so badly. Unless the governor of Massachusetts, John A. Volpe, the mayor of Boston, John F. Collins, and the other politicians involved act soon on some stadium proposal, the Boston Red Sox may well become the San Diego Surfers and the Boston Patriots could turn into the Seattle Ramblers.

The situation is this: there is only one professional stadium in Boston—ancient, obsolete Fenway Park, with its 33,524 seats, its totally inadequate parking facilities and its Great Wall in left field. The Red Sox, who own Fenway and rent it to the Patriots, have survived only because Millionaire Owner Tom Yawkey personally absorbs all operating losses, reportedly almost \$1 million in 1965 and \$600,000 in 1966. The Patriots make money, but they are not making friends around the American Football League. Since their home park has the smallest seating capacity in pro football, the Pats give visiting teams consistently small take-home checks. This rankles other AFL owners, not to mention NFL owners, who will have to play in Boston when the pro football merger goes into full operation in 1970. "I don't see how you could expect Cleveland, with 80,000 seats, or St. Louis, with 50,000, to want to play us on a home-

continued

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STADIUMS continued

and-home basis every year," says Patriots President Billy Sullivan.

Yet the politicians do not seem too alarmed that Boston could be left without teams in baseball or football. "Oh, we may lose the Sox and the Patriots," said one, "but we won't lose major league sports, because the owners like the rich New England market." Perhaps so, but it is hard to imagine anyone hiring a new franchise to Boston to lose money playing in Fenway Park.

The need for a new sports stadium was officially recognized in 1962 when Governor Volpe appointed the Greater Boston Stadium Authority. Dodger Stadium opened that year, and new stadiums followed in New York, Houston, Atlanta, Anaheim, Oakland and St. Louis before—in the summer of 1966—the authority presented its proposal, a \$98 million complex that would include a stadium with a retractable dome, an arena for the basketball Celtics and the hockey Bruins, and a parking garage. It would be built in downtown Boston using state bonds and state funds for credit. The proposal was submitted to the legislature during the 1966 session. But legislators from outlying corners of the state were not about to go home after having approved a \$98 million tax-supported stadium that their constituents might never get to Boston to see. The proposal was stillborn.

About this time a private group which included former Red Sox outfielder Dominic DiMaggio suggested a \$50 million domed stadium in suburban Dedham. To overcome an expected deficit of about \$2 million annually—baseball and football cannot support an expensive new stadium by themselves—they wanted to have dog racing during the otherwise fallow winter months. The idea of a new track going to "outsiders" infuriated the dog-track owners, who have a powerful lobby at the State House, and the one existing unclaimed dog-track license was canceled immediately. Although the governor reportedly favored the idea of a private group building the stadium, financial experts said it would be prohibitively expensive. Private interests would have to pay top money for the needed land and then pay taxes. A public authority can acquire land by right of eminent domain and does not have to pay taxes.

With the \$98 million complex slapped down and the Dedham proposal pigeon-

holed, Governor Volpe appointed yet another committee to look into the situation. ("Boston had committees studying the stadium problem before we ever even thought about one," says Wayne Valley of the Oakland Raiders, "but now we've had a stadium for a year and Boston is still talking.") The new committee reported to the governor last March. It recommended that a \$55 million domed stadium be built in suburban Weston, about 15 miles from downtown Boston, by the Massachusetts Turnpike Authority, which is about the only organization in Massachusetts that ever accomplishes anything. The Turnpike Authority, according to its chairman, John Driscoll, wants to build a stadium, and it has devised a method to underwrite the anticipated \$2 million annual deficit. The Turnpike Authority each year turns over to the Commonwealth some \$4.5 million in unclaimed gas-tax receipts, and more or less by default this money is put into the state's highway fund. Driscoll suggested the governor ask the state supreme court to free this money so that it could be used to cover the stadium's operating loss.

Nothing has been done, although for almost three months now the governor has been promising that a stadium press conference will be held "next Tuesday." The people of Weston, who oppose the idea of a stadium in their little town, threaten litigation that would delay the start of any stadium building and have begun a campaign to get all Turnpike motorists to go through the paperwork required for a gas-tax refund, although, practically speaking, a refund means little more than pennies to the individual. And while both the Red Sox and the Patriots would love to have the Turnpike Authority build a stadium, they would prefer a site in downtown Boston, which could add another \$10 million to construction costs.

Meanwhile, Mayor Collins avoided the entire stadium issue. Last year he ran in the primaries for the U.S. Senate, and it was assumed that he did not want to alienate the voters outside of Boston by supporting an expensive stadium in the city. As it turned out, he not only lost the primary, he didn't even carry Boston. Of course, that may be the key to the whole question of why nothing has been done. In Boston you can't be for the stadium, you can't be against it and you can't even be neutral. **END**

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BEST-KEPT SECRETS

BY JOHN UNDERWOOD

They are the decathlon men, who live in obscurity three out of every four years. Then come the Olympics, and these masters of all trades are acclaimed as the finest athletes in the world. They are, too. And they are also marvelously diverting fellows, as any visitor to the swinging pad near Santa Barbara can readily see. It is the home, training headquarters, friendly meeting place and haven from Psychedelia of most of the world's best of a singular breed



Nighttime at 6695 Parada Road often is festive. As Dave Thoreson (opposite, foreground) copes with adversity, Olaf Lange looks on wistfully. Bill Toomey is being admired on couch. Davtime (above) finds the irrepressible Thoreson doing high jumps for an approving John Henery.

CONTINUED

It came to pass that in his 24th year David Lewis Thoreson of California, a decathlon man, arose out of a torpor of inactivity and did burn his way to England, which is west of Sweden. He had his eye on Sweden also. He had grown tired in his own land of the confusion of trying to serve two masters, one the Amateur Athletic Union and the other the National Collegiate Athletic Association, and he said, "These cats just can't get together." As a consequence he had not been doing much decathloning. Neither had he been eating too well. So it was that he hitchhiked to New York and caught a night flight to Scotland and delivered himself unto the British with three cents in his pocket and a loaf of bread. It is written that decathlon men hang in there. "I was friendly to everyone. I talked to everyone," he said. "You talk to people, they feed you. It is the European custom."

He got to Bolstad, Sweden and took work at a summer resort and made money to go on to Uppsala. There he took lodging with a Swedish family, and he caught on at a bakery where he did wash the frosting from the pots and pans. Every morning the baker allowed him to partake of a doughnut and a small glass of milk.

Soon the urge to compete stirred again inside David Thoreson as it has stirred inside decathlon men from the days of Thorpe, Bausch, Mathias and Milton G. Campbell, and he went and won a local meet and got his name in the paper. "The next day the baker gave me three doughnuts and a large glass of milk," he said. He competed again, and won again, and behold there was a bigger, better story in the paper. With a picture. And from that day forward he got all the doughnuts he could eat, and they took him and showed him the icebox where the milk was kept.

I've been living with you seven months and how come you never told that story before?" asked Jerry Moro, the Canadian, stretched out on the couch, his feet holding up his jaw.

"You never asked," said Thoreson. He

resumed his position on the living-room rug, contented, another exciting chapter in the genesis, exodus and revelation of Decathlon Man Thoreson completed.

"What is the point?" asked one in the circle of his audience. "That good things eventually come to the prodigal decathlon man? Or that his worth is measured in doughnuts?"

"Neither," said Bill Toomey. "That he couldn't get a date in America." (Lots of laughter.)

The little frame house is in suburban Isla Vista on the fringe of the California coastal city of Santa Barbara. The house is two blocks from the Pacific shore. It is about the size and shape of a large mobile home, with faded brown shingling and a tiny garage that sticks out like a turret in front. There are some rusty weights (for lifting) in the garage, but no car. No self-respecting automobile could fit in there. The living room has a gray-brown hooked rug and a burnt-orange couch, a portable TV on a desk, a large conical space heater, some empty Chianti bottles for decoration, a box of Dyamshine, books, magazines and, for wall relief and inspiration, two large Mexico City Olimpiada posters. There is an office-type water cooler in the kitchen, and a portable typewriter on the table for community use. The kitchen sink knows a dirty dash or two. The wastebaskets do a terrific service.

Upstairs are two bedrooms, with four single beds. One is not a bed in the classic sense. It is a mattress on the floor. This is where Bill Toomey fights the bends in his sacroiliac. The house rents for \$180 a month. Sometimes Bill Toomey's telephone bill is equal to the rent—you never know when he is going to get the urge to call Sweden—so since he can afford it and the others cannot they have agreed to let him pay for his own phone.

The four inmates are all decathlon men—Bill Toomey of Port Washington, N.Y. and Laguna Beach, Calif.; Dave Thoreson of Valley City, N. Dak. and Oceanside, Calif.; Jerry Moro of San Martino al Tagliamento, Italy, and Trail, B.C.; and Olaf Lange of Munich, Germany. A fifth who hangs around a lot but at present rooms elsewhere is John

Hemery. Originally a sprinter-hurdler from London, England, Hemery fell under the decathlons' influence and became a convert.

The number and names of the inmates change from time to time, but they are always decathlon men, there to live and train together on the track of the University of California at Santa Barbara, and of a warm summer evening to gather beneath the Olympic posters and spend time in the examination of goals and the study of techniques and the shooting of bull. Sometimes they share these pleasures with outsiders. On this particular night a blonde named Stephanie, who has a very impressive dimple on her right cheek and is a favorite of Jerry Moro (and of John Hemery, too), and her dark-eyed Armenian roommate, Carol, had brought over a cake with 26 flaming candles to help Thoreson celebrate his birthday. Dave needed cheering up. His left leg was stiff at the knee from a training injury, and his particular girl had not been responding to his charm. Soon he was properly cheered, and he cut the cake and poured the milk into paper cups from the kitchen cooler, and he rewarded the others with stories of his travels-on-a-shoestring, both foreign and domestic.

Paul Herman, a 1964 U.S. Olympian, might have been one of the inmates, but he forfeited his right to take up residence by getting married. "Marriage?" said Olaf Lange. "What's that?" For a much longer time Russell Hodge was there, which meant that the two greatest decathlon men yet spawned were there at the same time: Toomey and Hodge. Toomey and Hodge, you say? Better than Rafer Johnson, C. K. Yang or Bob Mathias? Yes, yes and yes again. By actual figures, better together than Johnson and Yang in seven of the 10 events; better together than Mathias in all 10.

The reason you have not heard of Toomey and Hodge is that American decathlons spend three out of every four years on the dark side of the moon. They are ignored in a big way. The Germans, perhaps more aware, call a decathlon man *König der Athleten*, king



Toomey (extreme left), Lunge, Henney, Thoreson, Miso and the muscular Hodge (right) enjoy an afternoon run on the Santa Barbara beach.

of the athletes, and put his picture on the front page. In America the king often pays his way to meets where he gets shoved to the rear of the track and then, when he runs, jumps and vaults and hurdles and hurks and heaves, he gets two paragraphs on page three. Comes the fourth year, the Olympic year, and the decathlon takes on special significance, because it compresses in one two-day, 10-event tribulation the whole point of the Games—the physical excellence and versatility of the individual, his emotional stamina and his will to survive. And, before you know it, Rafer Johnson is a popular name and Bob Mathias is your Congressman.

"So people say to me, 'What do you do?'" says Bill Toomey, sitting on the hooked rug with his legs crossed. "Well, I run track. I'm in the decathlon. 'Oh, yeah, the decathlon. You throw that, don't you?' Yeah, you throw it, Charlie. And I'm out there blowing three or four good hours a day working like mad when I could have been a doctor or a lawyer. What am I, anyway, a kook? I go to meets and I always feel

I've got to introduce myself to the officials. 'Er, excuse me, sir. Uh, I'm, uh, Bill Toomey.'"

Toomey has won the national (AAU) championship the last two years, and this weekend in Los Angeles will defend it again. Russ Hodge has been his runner-up twice. Hodge, who is injured and will not compete this time, moved back to Los Angeles four months ago to heal and to begin studies at Santa Monica City College. Working together and against each other, profiting by their own good competition and that of their fellow inmates in the little house on Pasado Road in Isla Vista, the two had become the most prolific point-makers in decathlon history. The decathlon—from the Greek *deka* (10) and *athlon* (contest)—is scored on a graduated point scale, a maximum 1,200 points for each event. Toomey scored 8,234 in the national meet last year in Salina, Kans. It would have been a world record, but it was disallowed because, of all things, the facilities were not considered up to standard. Hodge's subsequent 8,230 points in an international meet at Los Angeles (Too-

meys scored 8,219) became the world record.

If the Olympic Games were tomorrow Toomey and Hodge would be two of the three principal candidates for the gold medal. The third candidate broke into their lives rather sharply a couple of nights before Thoreson's birthday party. A newspaperman called the house to say that Kurt Bendlin of West Germany had scored 8,319 points to set a new world record in a meet in Heidelberg. Only Thoreson was home. The others had gone to see a Swedish sex movie. Thoreson immediately called the manager of the theater. "It's a national emergency!" he said. An usher was sent into the aisles to find Toomey.

"As soon as I gave him the figures on the phone he had them memorized," said Thoreson. "I know that guy Bendlin," said Toomey. "We worked out together in Cologne last fall when I was training with Friedel Schürmer [West Germany's national decathlon coach]. His girl was killed in an auto accident. After that you could see how intense he was. I could see it in his eyes. I was

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SECRET ATHLETES *continued*

afraid he would do something like this." Moro said Toomey spent the rest of the movie mumbling times and distances. He also said that Bendlin was the kind of guy who could really ruin a good Swedish movie.

Toomey, sitting on the floor, produced a well-thumbed copy of a German magazine and flipped the pages. "There he is, there's Kurt, there's my man," he said, revealing a full-page picture of a smiling young man in sweat clothes. "This is good for me," said Toomey. "It's great for me. Now I have somebody to shoot at, somebody that's not a friend, that's not around all the time. For a while I was getting lethargic. All I could think of was beating Hodge, and when he got hurt I could feel myself dropping off. I'm glad Bendlin is doing so well."

"Yeah, glad," said Moro. "He's on the bench pressing 325 pounds, and he's saying between his teeth, 'That Bendlin, I'll kill him. I'll kill him!' We talk about decathlon 90% of the time. Sometimes we have to shut ourselves up, we drive ourselves crazy talking decathlon. And now we've got Bendlin to talk about, too."

Toomey and Lange found the house when they were apartment-hunting last September, beating their way north from Los Angeles. Toomey wanted to work under Pete Peterson, coach of the Southern California Striders track club, who was then in Santa Barbara. Thoreson joined them, then Hodge, Herman was already in Santa Barbara. In Canada, Moro heard about the gathering of eagles and packed his bags.

The Santa Ynez Mountains in the background and the Pacific at its feet make Isla Vista a rewarding place from which to stare off into the distance. Isla Vista itself is not exactly Princeton, N.J. It is 8,000 college kids from the University of California piled together in houses with color. Lots of color. Brown houses, pink houses, mauve houses, Cerulean, mulberry, khaki and coral houses. Houses that apparently went up in a hurry. Early American Sandbox. Twen-

tieth Century Treehouse. Isla Vista is the undergraduate's Riviera. Isla Vista is Psychedelia. Huaraches. Beards. Bikinis. Free Love. Banana and pot smokers, some of them blowing their brains out with LSD. Isla Vista is signs in windows and on apartment walls: "Taking A Trip? Go LSD, the Only Way to Fly." Plenty of skin showing. Biscuit-colored skin, and shades darker. Skin walking around the streets and getting ceramicized by the California sun. Skin playing volleyball on the beach, and skin in sunglasses crying up from the chaise longue to the second floor, "Hey, Fred, turn the chicken, will you?"

The four inmates at 6695 Pasado think of themselves as in Isla Vista but not entirely of it. They partake of the chucks (also known as cheese or action), which they consider their 11th event, and of the nearby beach. Olaf Lange, blond and tan and tall and Teutonic, is particularly effective collecting cheese on the beach. They are occasional premidnight patrons, too, of the "B.G.," the Brother's Galley, where there is beer (dark and light) and a noisy band Wednesday through Sunday nights and a pool table and a soccer game in the back room. Toomey usually begs off from this action, being older and more tired at the end of a busier day. Moro tells him a night at the B.G. will add 20 pounds to his prone press. They tried it one time in the interest of science. Toomey pressed the same, Moro two pounds less.

They know their neighbors not well, but well enough to walk right in on some of them and to use the weights of a fellow down the block. They have been told only issues won't give pot a chance, but they are more set in their ways and have not seen fit to include drugs as an adjunct to their training. "We are the oddballs here, the squares," says Toomey. The thing about the place, he says, is that the squares don't have far to go to get to the running track.

William Anthony Toomey, principal speaker of the house, mentor, guiding light, hardest worker, at 28 oldest inmate, has an undergraduate degree from the University of Colorado and a master's degree from Stanford. He has a

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vocabulary that allows him to say "a multiplicity of" when "many" would do. He is an engaging conversationalist with a voice or an accent to fit any occasion and a terribly swift wit. He is Jonathan Winters playing Grandma Frickert, and in the next breath he is explaining Adler's theories on adequacy, relating them to the decathlon.

At present he is teaching ninth-graders the ins and outs of English literature at La Cohn Junior High in Santa Barbara. He does not feel schoolteaching is sufficiently dynamic and plans to find something else when the time is ripe. Toomey would be baby-faced if his chin were not so large and his lips so full. As it is, he is merely a handsome young man who looks like Robert Q. Lewis when he puts on his horn-rimmed glasses. He now has a pair of very dark contact lenses for training on sunny days. Inserted, they give him a blank, unseeing look, like Orphan Annie.

He does not act it or look it, but Toomey comes from money. His father made his share with Italian Swiss Colony Wine and retired with his family and three Mercedes, a Porsche and an XKE to Laguna Beach. His late uncle was with the Pennsylvania Railroad. "Every time I wrote him a letter he sent me 10 bucks. My brother's roommate wrote him one time. He sent the roommate 10 bucks." The uncle died, and there was an inheritance and Toomey went into the stock market. He is now relatively free to pursue the excellence he seeks in the decathlon, in whatever direction that might take him. He keeps the bits and pieces of his travels in a gray attaché case: the clips from the German papers and the Greek papers that outnumber those from American papers, a picture of a girl in Sweden, the picture of him being introduced to the Shah of Iran ("a big day for the Shah," he says), and he sends the trophies home to Laguna Beach. The trophy collection grows. "My shrine," he calls it.

In the course of 20 years in athletics Toomey remade his figure from a gangly 158-pound basketball player to a 195-pound strong boy, marvelously proportioned, with a powerful upper torso and

sprinter's legs—thin ankles and big calves. Only his hands are disproportionate. "The Swedish girl looked at my hands. 'Oh, Bill, you hands sooo small, like piano player.' I said, 'Just watch 'em, honey.'" His right hand was permanently crippled when a kid threw a plate at him 11 years ago and severed the median nerve in his wrist. After five operations he recovered 75% of its use, but it is still slightly withered. When it itches in one place he has learned to scratch it in another.

Even so Toomey can type 100 words a minute, and when he throws the shot, discus and javelin it is always with the right hand. He does not discourage easily. He won the national championship in 1965 less than three weeks after ripping open his right calf with the spikes on his left shoe going over the vaulting bar. The tear required 35 stitches. When he won the championship again in 1966 he had just come off a double-up bout with mononucleosis and hepatitis that put him in bed for three months. Seven weeks ago he had a knee operation.

Originally, before he went into pentathlon (five-event) competition and won that championship four times, Toomey dreamed of setting a world record in the 400 meters. "That's all I did for six years. Run, run, run. It got boring." This, he said at one evening's bull session, was what got him looking around and led to the decathlon.

"In the decathlon," he said, "you have 10 mestresses instead of one, all keeping you busy. You're a long jumper, a high jumper, a sprinter. When I first started I used to play make-believe to give myself incentive. I was The World's Fastest 400-Meter Man. I was The World's Longest Broad Jumper. I had always had to play the role. All right, now, you gotta think like a hurdler. You gotta look like one, too. Then you quit that event. Now I'm a javelin thrower. I gotta lower my voice a little bit, I gotta feel a little bulky in the action. Now I'm a pole vaulter. I can fly!"

Olaf Lange said that was what made it so great, that you could never really get into a slump because you always had something else to go on to.

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"More games to play," said Toomey. "More fun. You're running from this to that, moving, always moving. More work, but more fun, too. I bet Randy Matson gets sick of looking at that shot put all the time."

"Yeah, he must," said Jerry Moro. "He throws it far enough."

Dave Thoreson said he hated to spoil the illusion, but the thing that got him started was the realization that he was not going to set the world on fire as a high jumper.

"I'd jumped 6-10½, the best jump of my life. I'd worked hard to go that high. I thought I might get seven feet. That was my goal. But others were doing 7-3 and 7-5. It was too much for me to cope with, so I thought I should try something else."

"Isn't that being defeatist?" asked Moro. "Aren't you saying you didn't want to put out that supereffort?"

"No, what he's saying is he started at the wrong place," said Toomey. "He should have started as a decathlon man."

John Hemery said it was the enthusiasm of this group that grabbed him, that they could do so many things not only well but with relish. He said running the hurdles, which was his special event, got to be terribly limiting, that he had developed an inferiority complex.

"What it was," said Thoreson, "he noticed me on the bench. He noticed I was very strong, and he said, 'Well, what do you do?' and I said, 'I'm a decathlon man,' and right away he wanted to grow up to be just like me."

"No, Skinny there has it wrong," said Hemery. "I looked at him and I looked at me. We're both pretty puny, as you can see. And I said, 'If he can do it, I can do it.' Now I'm much more muscular than he is."

"Ha," said Thoreson.

"When you're a kid it's the impressions people make," said Toomey. "Somebody writes in your yearbook, 'I hope you make the Olympics in 1990.' You think, maybe I could make the Olympic team in 1990. Small things. But a seed is planted. A coach I had in high school. We'd just throw the discus, and he said, 'There he is, Jack Armstrong,'

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SECRET ATHLETES *continued*

All-American boy, and I said to myself, "Yeah, Jack Armstrong."

The great difficulty of their task sometimes gets them.

"Here it is," says Toomey. "The decathlon takes two days, and a multiplicity of factors can work against you. Maybe you have three chances all year to set a record, and then you have to contend with nature, your own physiology and the facilities. If you don't feel good and the facilities are bad and it's cold and windy, you don't have a snowball's chance in hell. Then maybe everything is all right. You feel great. The track is fast. The weather perfect. What happens? The AAU officials are no good. No record, because the hurdles aren't right or something. My dad's an AAU official, but I can tell you they do things like that. And we've got only three or four meets, three or four chances a year. Randy Matson might have six tries every weekend for seven months. You can see how much more difficult it is for us to make any kind of reputation."

It irritates them that the decathlon gets so little newspaper space. Toomey says, "Maybe my world is not of major interest to the sporting public, but there's so much trivia in the newspapers. Baseball trivia. Football trivia. Does Willie Mays have cradle cap? Yes, fans, there he is, on the cover of the magazine, that world-famous surfer, Harvey Macapokanai from Lollabobalobalala. Then a decathlon man sets a world record, and immediately it's the best-kept secret in the world."

"People don't realize," said Moro. "Look at Bendlin's record. It shows this fellow is superior. He's better in every one of 10 events than most college kids who specialize, kids who try for years to do 100 meters in 10.6 seconds. He throws the javelin 245-7. He runs 400 meters in 47.9. And Bendlin maybe practices each one once in a while."

"The funny thing is you get better in the events you were primarily interested in by doing the decathlon," said Toomey. "I'm a better runner than I ever was when all I did was run. It's probably a psychological thing, too. When you train your body for the decathlon, you train

in such a way that it becomes stronger for everything, for throwing things, running, jumping. It's a beautiful thing, like religion. That's why I don't particularly care if a lot of people don't know about it. It is enough that I do."

"But you still feel it a little," he said, "when you go to a meet and have to start when there's no one there. It's like walking into an empty theater and giving a performance." And, Moro said, it is degrading to have to run on a track others have been practicing on all day. "Like at Mt. Sac last month. After seven months of hard training, we got into our first decathlon. I asked if we were going to start at 4:30. The official didn't know. At 4 o'clock one of them says, 'All right, it's 4 o'clock. You're going to run the 100.' Hodge wasn't even warmed up, and for him it's very important to be warmed up. We weren't ready. Nobody was. All of a sudden they want us to run on a track somebody's been practicing on. At 4:30 an official says, 'All right, let's get this high jump going. It's cold out here.' Jimmy Christmas, we're the athletes, we're the ones who ought to worry about whether it's cold or not. It's important to us. Every damn little thing is important. 'Hurry up, it's cold!'"

When they have exhausted other avenues of research, the convening inmates find it popular to tell Russell Hodge stories. An evening can be consumed telling Russell Hodge stories. They say Hodge's possessions reflect the man: big car, big chair, big bed. They say when you are walking ahead of Hodge and you turn around you see nothing but Hodge. They say that when he puts on his trunks and walks down the beach the muscle boys cover up their chests and run for the shade. They used to call him Adonis. He has Jeff Chandler's face and Alley Oop's build. They say he walks into a room and right up to a girl and fixes her with a stare, and if he does not win her on the spot he at least scares her to death.

"The thing about Russ is he's one of the hardest-working guys you ever saw," says Toomey. "When he was in the Air Force he worked six hours a day in the gym, building himself up."

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"We were down at this weight lifting studio, Vic Tanny's, in L.A. Hodge looks like a weight lifter, and these cats see him coming for two hocks and they got the blinds going up and down giving signals for everybody to watch out for this guy, you know? I come in and nobody blinks at me. They say, 'What do you want, a juice or what?' And I go over and start my bench presses, and three or four guys start hounding Russ. This is 1965 after the Nationals. 'Hey, I know you, you're Russ Hodge, right? Didn't I see you at the Coliseum? You're tough!' I'm still doing my presses, looking at them out of the corner of my eye. 'Hey, fellows,' I'm thinking, 'I'm Bill Toomey, I won.' They say to Hodge, 'You're the best in the States, right?' 'No,' he says, real stern. 'I got second.' 'Who was first?' Now I'm really doing these presses like mad. 'That guy over there.' They look at me. 'How' "

Hodge is from Roscoe, N.Y., population 900, and attended a military school. His father does well in the furniture business. His mother was a high jumper on the 1936 U.S. Olympic team. The biggest thing in his life as a kid was going with the family down to the Penn Relays every year, staying at the Warwick and eating at Bookbinder's. He blossomed from a 6' 3", 195-pound senior to a 220-pound 27-year-old decathlete with a 17½-inch neck and a size 52 jacket. Despite his apparent bulk, he, too, has sprinter's legs and is Toomey's principal competitor at 100 meters. He concedes only the 400 meters, the high hurdles and the broad jump to Toomey, and is a better shotputter and discus thrower. He does not surprise easily. When he heard of Bendlin's record, he said, "That score isn't so high. It will go to 8,500 or 8,700, maybe by Bill or Bendlin or me. Maybe at Mexico City."

Hodge was cook and house sergeant at 6695 Pasado and principal needler. "Dave," he would tell Thoreson, "you gotta eat more, big frame like you've got. You need more weight. Dave, you don't know."

He chided Olaf Lange for his unique approach to housekeeping (Olaf doesn't

believe in it). He bought a side of beef and hung it in a food locker and served steaks or ribs or roasts every night, and when he was gone the others said they could not find the locker. "They don't want to find it," said Hodge after a weekend visit (he finds the atmosphere at Isla Vista "a little flighty"). "They don't want to find it because they would have to cook it."

Without Hodge, discipline around the house suffered but it did not break down completely. The four of them are so different, says Toomey, that they get along beautifully. "None of this three-on-one business. You know, 'Hey, did I tell you that Dave dubhle-rubble-mumble-dumhle.' You know, the old whispers. 'Mumble-dumhle-dumhle-edbada. Oh, ha, Dave, old buddy.' " One night they all go out together, or they split up, or they have dates, or they have dates in. They swap pertinent intelligence: "Hey, Jerry, who'd you call? Say, what about that babe? Nice, uh?" "The only thing is I don't let Olie use my car," said Toomey. "I let him once, and it was a \$100 repair job. So I say, 'Olie, cool it.' "

Lange is 25 but seems younger. Of the four in the house he is the low scorer, but has clearly profited by the exposure. He has been a boxer, a ski instructor at Aspen, has worked in a demolition crew and been a house painter. He appeared once in a TV installment of *Rat Patrol* and might get the chance to go on a permanent series next fall. He promises it will not turn his head. He met Toomey at Stanford, having left Germany to get away from his family for a while. There had been a difference of opinion.

Lange does not cling to any special German prejudices. When a bull session gets going, he deepens his accent and tells a story of two middle-aged German track fans out to see a meet in which the American sprinter, Adolph Plummer, has entered.

"They are reading the program. 'Ha, 400 meet-ers coming up here. Ve haf Manfred Germer, und Kinder, und look vat the Americans haf here. Plummer. Und Charlie Greene. Plummer. Vat's dat first name? Ah, A-dolph. I did not

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SECRET ATHLETES

know dat is a colored name. I never hear dat name before. Vat about you, Fritz? Fritz? Vat do you mean you never heard dat name before? Look, Fritz, vat did you do 20 years ago? You remember our high school graduation, yah? Mit de picture dere und de hand sticking up in de air?"

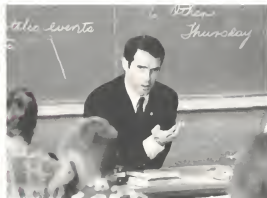
Moro is intense, uses his hands a lot. "The Italian in me," he says. He complains that he is not enough of a tiger, but as a practitioner of the technique events—pole vault, high jump, etc.—there is none more formful.

Thoreson is known as the kind of guy who gets a good deal on a car and right away sells it and gives the party he sells it to a better deal. "Dave, you've been worked!" Hodge used to yell at him. Thoreson conned his way into his first decathlon—the 1960 Olympic Trials—by listing among his accomplishments a 200-foot javelin throw when actually it was a softball he threw 200 feet. His stories about hitchhiking to meets and dashing through customs without showing his passport and getting on a plane for Munich and finding out it was going to Brussels are all corroborated by his buddies. And it is absolutely true, he says, that his Norwegian great-grandfather had 21 children, and his father

played basketball for a team called the Blugay Applejackers.

In the Nationals at Salina last year when he finished third to Toomey and Hodge, Thoreson got on the microphone and announced that he was going for a record seven feet, if they cared to notice, and then when the people began to yell for him he got back on the microphone and told them he couldn't set a record if they were going to carry on like that. "I like Kansans," he says. "Very warm people."

The morning begins at 6695 Pasado in a familiar confusion. Toomey is preaching the value of a special breakfast concoction that does not have a name but does have a wallop. "You've got to have the 10 amino acids, no more, no less," he says, mixing into a large glass (very large) four or five eggs, some ice cream, powdered milk (refined), calcium gluconate, calcium lactate, soybean oil and, as a chaser, a handful of desiccated, defatted liver pills. Then a seven-pill vitamin-mineral pack (four bright colors and three shades of white). Olaf says, "Yeah, man, that's everything." Moro is skeptical. He says the whole thing goes right through you. Eggs



Toomey, in serious mood and a Brooks Brothers suit, teacher class at La Colina Junior High

and bacon for him. "No good, all that grease," says Olaf. "This is better"—holding up a glass—"even if it's psychological." They agree that the appearance and capacity of Bill Toomey would indicate it is more than psychological.

Then off to work, Moro to "shake a lot of hands" for a sporting goods firm in Santa Barbara, Thoreson to teach physical education at La Cumbre Junior High, Lange to the University of California at Santa Barbara, where he and Hemery are students. Hemery, whose brother Dave, now at Boston University, is the British Commonwealth 120-yard high hurdle champion, has found the atmosphere at Santa Barbara unlike anything he experienced at Dartmouth.

At La Colina Junior High, Bill Toomey is keeping his ninth-graders hopping with the kind of lively lectures Hemery wishes he heard on a steady basis in his Santa Barbara classes. Toomey is in a Brooks Brothers suit, and his students are neatly dressed and look, well, cleaner than the college kids. Toomey is reading them an essay and soliciting comment. He uses the kind of words they dig: "hippie" and "scene" and "cool." Except he uses them in an instructive manner. "That's 'serf' not 'surfer,'" he kids. He interprets the essay: "Times have changed, the author is saying. Our grandfathers on the gold rush didn't stop in St. Louis and ask a psychiatrist, 'Say, Doc, you gotta tell me why the hell I'm going for that gold. What's wrong with me, Doc?' People are going goo-goo. They want to be in. They want to make the scene. The old days used to be more rigid, now we're more flexible. Now we're bending, and we're bending some things that maybe should stay rigid."

By about 3 o'clock in the afternoon they begin to gather at the university track. It is a beautiful facility, ringed by trees and shrubs. The coach of the university team is Sam Adams, who himself was a decathlon man and once competed regularly with Mathias. He is still in good shape and besides his services as a coach, which he offers free of charge, he occasionally joins in a shotput or discus-throwing contest.

As many as seven decathlons have
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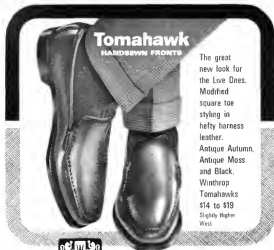
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worked there together at one time. They offer and seek advice from each other. Jerry Moro is the resident expert on the pole vault. He has done 16' 2". Dave Thoreson lectures on the high jump ("He moved my position one step and I went from 6 feet to 6-6," said Toomey). Russ Hodge instructs on the shotput, Toomey on the running events. Thoreson said that after three months of this exposure he improved his quarter-mile time by three seconds, his hurdles by .4 second, and added eight feet to his shotput. Hodge advised Toomey to keep his discus higher on delivery and Toomey went from 130 to 150 feet. "I can close my eyes now and do 150 feet."

They are all highly competitive, however, and the contests among them tend to get fierce. Moro yells at Olaf and Olaf yells at Thoreson and Thoreson will not concede a thing. "Ole takes pride in his javelin throwing," Thoreson says. "I tell him to prove it if he thinks he's better than me. He does." Hodge says you can't even warm up without one of them trying to beat you. "And they love to beat me in anything. Calves. They measure my calves. 'Hey, my calves are bigger than yours'."

When Hodge and Toomey train together, there is never a letup. "Neither one gives an inch," Thoreson says. "They were at Salina last year. Hodge had never done 24 feet in the broad jump. He did 23-11. Then on his last jump he went all the way to 25-2 1/4. It was incredible. I could see Bill over there snorting at the end of the runway. He came down that runway like a truck, hit that board and went 25-6!"

"I loved it," said Bill Toomey.

By dusk they are through their workouts, and then it is a matter of deciding which restaurant to eat at—an increasingly important issue since Hodge left the wickiup—and maybe they will go to a movie or to the B.G.s. for some soccer. Or invite some girls over for the evening session. And they will be back at the decathlon again. Why do we do these things? What good is vitamin E? Why don't I jump seven feet? Where is it leading us? When are we going to see a headline? And so to bed **END**

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

If anything, DETROIT (4-4) proved that it cannot survive without the home run. Four homers in two days led to a pair of wins over the White Sox and moved the Tigers into the league lead. Then the Tigers hit one ball over the fence in the next five games, and four of them were losses. They snapped back when Dick McAuliffe hit a grand slam in the 13th to beat the Yankees. CHICAGO (2-5) got shut-out pitching from Tommy John and another key hit from Ron Hansen, a .358 hitter who drove in his 18th run of the year with his 19th hit. Tom Phoebus of BALTIMORE (4-2) pitched his third consecutive shutout and Andy Etchebarren homered in the 19th inning (the longest Oriole game ever). After beating the Indians 2-1 for his seventh win and earning within five outs of a no-hitter, Jim Lonborg of BOSTON (5-2) was refreshingly honest. Said Lonborg, "I really wanted that no-hitter. It would have put me in the national spotlight right away." Manager Joe Adcock of CLEVELAND (4-3) kept shuffling his lineup (23 different ones in 43 games), and his team finally got over the 500 mark. Jim Merritt pitched his second shutout in a row and Dean Chance his third of the year for MINNESOTA (4-3). The KANSAS CITY (3-4) offense got help from Pitchers Lew Krausse and Jim Nash, who won games with hits. With Whitey Ford announcing his retirement and with onetime 20-game winner Jim Bonton being sent to the minors, NEW YORK (4-3) pitching seemed to reach bottom. But then Al Downing won twice and two converted relievers, Thad Tilton and Joe Verbanic, won their first big-league starts. All three pitchers had games saved for them by Reliever Dooley Wornack. WASHINGTON (4-3) hoped that getting Slugger Mike Epstein and Pitcher Frank Brantner from the Orioles for their

best pitcher, Pete Richert, would pay off handsomely in the long run. Jim McGlothlin's second straight shutout was all that CALIFORNIA (1-6) could be happy about.

Standings: Det 20-18, Chi 24-13, Balt 23-20, NY 24-22, Clev 23-22, Min 23-23, KC 22-23, NY 20-24, Wash 20-25, Cal 19-30

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Disaster seemed imminent in CINCINNATI (6-2) when Tommy Harper suffered a fractured wrist and Relievers Ted Abernathy and Gerry Arriaga also were hurt, but the Reds regrouped, won six one-run games and actually increased their league lead. It wasn't easy. They had played nine games in a row that had been decided by one run and four of last week's wins were picked up by a revamped bullpen that included two regular starters—Gary Nolan and Mike Pappas—plus Bob Lee (purchased from the Dodgers) and Mel Queen. The fine relief work would have been wasted had it not been for clutch hits by Tony Perez (below), Leo Cardenas, Vada Pinson, Pete Rose and Tommy Helms. ST. LOUIS (4-3) played seven one-run games in sequence and lost three of them, including a 2-1 squeaker to the Reds. The Cardinals had runners on first and third with none out in the ninth, only to have the Reds end the game with a triple play on which Orlando Cepeda was tagged for the final out after making a belated dash for the plate. Juan Marchal of SAN FRANCISCO (6-2) had his eight-game winning streak halted when the wind at Candlestick Park carried a soft line drive by Philie Pitcher Jim Bunning over the fence for a game-winning homer. But Marchal came back to beat the Mets for the 19th time without a loss. "I'm not sure," said Bob Veale of PITTSBURGH (4-3), "that I will ever complete another game." Veale was upset because

Manager Harry Walker had in recent weeks removed him twice from games in which he was behind. Last week, Walker let Veale stay on the mound as long as he wanted, but after giving up seven runs in five innings, Veale had had enough. He went to Walker and said, "Thanks for going with me as you did. I believe I learned a lesson." Maury Willis came back to LOS ANGELES (3-4) for the first time since the celebrated trade last December. His return, unlike the trade, helped both teams. Willis' triple enabled the Pirates to win the first game of the series, and his presence in the lineup perked up the sagging Dodgers attendance (down 290,000 before his visit). More than 114,000 people came to see the three-game set. Willis was hitting .296 for the season and had stolen 13 bases in 14 tries, whereas Bob Barley and Gene Michael, the players the Dodgers obtained for him, were batting .128 and .213. For only the third time in 15 years CHICAGO (3-4) finished the month of May over .500. Ferguson Jenkins won twice, Billy Williams hit four homers and Pitcher Rah Nye helped beat the Reds 6-5 with three hits of his own, one a drag bunt. Errors, passed balls, bad base running and worse pitching by ATLANTA (1-5) more than offset four homers by Hank Aaron. Richie Allen of PHOENIX (6-1) finally got going. He hit his first home run since opening week, stole home and batted .400 as the Phillies won six in a row. With Dave Gussitt pitching a four-hitter and Mike Cuellar a three-hitter, HOUSTON (3-4) twice beat NEW YORK (1-1) and climbed out of 10th place. Back in the cellar, the Mets had a hard time scoring runs but did manage to help Bob Shaw beat the Giants 2-1.

Standings: Cin 24-15, StL 22-17, SF 21-20, Phi 20-22, Chi 23-22, Pitt 23-23, Atl 22-25, LA 24-27, Hou 17-21, NY 15-30

HIGHLIGHT

"It seems every time Tony gets a hit he either ties the game or wins it for us," said Jim Coker about teammate Tony Perez of the Cincinnati Reds. Perez has, indeed, been getting timely hits and has been largely responsible for keeping the Reds in first place. Last week was typical of his clutch performances. Against the Cardinals, who had pared the Reds' lead to half a game, Perez hit a ninth-inning triple that set up the winning run. The next night, his triple in the eighth broke up Cardinal Pitcher Dick Hughes' perfect game and led to a 2-1 victory. Later in the week, Perez hit two two-run homers to help beat the Cubs 7-6 and the Braves 8-7. Perez' emergence as one of the most dangerous sluggers in the league has been remarkable, for until six weeks ago he seemed to be

nothing more than a .260 hitter. Last year he batted .265 and had only four homers, and there was talk that he would be traded. This spring he hit well and won the first-base job, but before a month had gone by there he was on the bench with a .260 average again. It seemed that Tony, a muscular 25-year-old Cuban, would never come close to matching his minor-league feats of hitting 34 home runs in a season or batting .336. Then Derron Johnson, the team's third baseman and cleanup man, was hurt on May 6, and Perez was given the alarming responsibility of taking his place. In 27 games since then, Tony hit .355, slugged eight homers and had 25 RBIs. He hit safely in 17 straight games, batting .384 during that spree. Manager Dave Bristol says, "Perez has the best attitude a ballplayer could have. He's totally unaffected. He wants to do anything he can to win."



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BISSON—ITALY'S Blue Team beat the North American Team 181-127 in the finals in Miami Beach for the sixth straight World Team Championship (page 26).

CRUISE—Two-time Olympic Jockey SIMES, 24, of Canada, won the 35th Annual Kyalami-Anderson Memorial Tour of Bermuda with a 19.2 in the record time of 1:56.10.47, finishing by less than half a beat length over Allen Bell, the local favorite.

GOULF—Tournament favorite BOB DICKSON, 21, captured by an invasion from an Oklahoma, Okla., deflected by a British Cup champion Ron Cuthbert, a 23-year-old public-schooler, man from San Rafael, Calif., two and one in a Friday, England in the first all-American final of the British Amateur Open championship since 1929.

DAVE HILL, a former center from Jackson, Mich., was his first tournament in four years with a 72-hole total of 372, finishing two strokes ahead of Johnny Pen of Cape Girardeau, Mo. At the \$100,000 Memorial Open.

KATHY WHITWORTH successfully defended her title in the \$15,500 31 Ladies Women's (Baltimore) Open with a 54-hole 209 total and a two-stroke victory over Carol Mues.

HERBERT—ROMEO HANOVER 52-600 completed in four miles and a half-mile and won when George Shelby drove him to a lengthly victory over New Zealand's 11-year-old Cordon Ray in the \$100,000 international Pace at Yankee Raceway. It was the champion's 21st straight win and his 34th in 36 starts.

HORSE RACING—FAMED DAMASCUS (\$1,600, Mr. Edith Barrow, Plover, N.Y.) won water, just his fifth victory in seven starts, due year when he beat Canada's runner-up, Cond. Bismarck, by two and a half lengths in the \$16,000 \$140,700 Belmont Stakes at Aqueduct (page 35).

Tarzan Stubb's Dr. Fager, with Manuel Ycaza up, crossed the wire and a half length in front of Mr. Frenchie's second-place Plover. In the \$15,500 \$119,200 Jersey Downs, at Garden State, he was disqualified for "interfering" at the first four laps (page 29). Remy was declared the winner, while Dr. Fager was moved down to fourth and last.

Ogden Phipps' 1966 Horse of the Year, BUCKPASSER (\$1,400), with Braden Burns aboard, has run in a race of 1:34.7 in the one-mile \$100,200 Metropolitan Handicap at Aqueduct to beat second-place Buster French by one and a quarter lengths. The 4-year-old bay colt's career earnings is \$1,362,394, placing him third on the all-time winners list.

BIGGS (\$25,400) became the third Washington state horse in five years to take the \$119,200 California at Hollywood Park as 941 Hermat rode him to a three-quarter-length win over runner-up Mike Moore.

LACROSSE—NAVY gained a triple tie with Maryland and Johns Hopkins for the national collegiate title, scoring three goals in the last minute of a 1-1 tie after a 7-5 defeat in a second round of 14,200 on Navy's home field. All three teams lost only one conference game this season.

MOTOR SPORTS—Houston's A.J. FOYT, the only driver to complete the 200-lap race, drove his rain-engaged Coyote Ford to a record 351 mph victory in the Indianapolis 500 (page 30).

Two-time World Champion RM CLARK of Vancouver, driving a new Lotus Elfin Ford, took in South Dutch Grand Prix for Formula 1 cars in Zandvoort, The Netherlands when he deflected defending Champion Jack Brabham of Australia by half a lap in the second time of 2:14.54, averaging 104.4 mph over the 2.5-mile course.

SOCCER—NPSL, Ohio's Eastern Division Team won a game during the semi-finals and PETERBURGH (60 points) dropped out of first place for the first time since the season started. The Panthers lost to California 3-2 and Los Angeles (60) to T-LANTA (60), following a loss to Philadelphia and Chicago 4-4 and a one-point lead PHILADELPHIA (57) placed into third place with the division's only victory, 3-2 over Atlanta—and a serious tie with BALTIMORE (56), which earlier in the week lost to Toronto. Last-place NEW YORK (44) also was defeated by Toronto after a 0-0 tie with Chicago. In the Western Division, ST. LOUIS, the lead with 46 points, lost to Atlanta 1-1, then lost in the playoffs while CALIFORNIA (40) won two, LOS ANGELES (54), a third loss with the game, as did CHICAGO (43), TORONTO,

defeat Seattle Mariners 3-0 and losing New York 2-1, remained in the cellar with 38 points.

USA In the first full week of play for the United Soccer Association the CLEVELAND STOKERS tied the CHICAGO MILWAUKEE 1-1, then lost the Boston Shamrock Rovers 1-0 while the NEW YORK SKYLINERS beat Boston 0-0 before losing to the LOS ANGELES BOKEYS 2-1. The WASHINGTON WHIPS (and Chicago 1-1) and joined a 2-1 over TORONTO CITY, which later defeated the San Francisco Golden Gate 2-0. In Dallas for FORNADOES and the HOUSTON STARS played a soccer on before a crowd of 16,411, one of the top scores in the history of the VANCOUVER ROYAL CANADIANS tied the Coagris 1-1.

WIMBLES—The Australian men dominated the French championships in Paris as ROLF MERSON won his second major tournament of the year by defeating Billy Aronoff Tony Roche 6-1, 6-4, 2-6, 6-2 for the men's singles title. ROLF later paired with JOHN NEWCOMB in the doubles and Ken Rosebush in an all-Australian doubles final, while the mixed doubles were to California's BILL JEAN KING and Aussie GRIFF DAVISON. France's 24-year-old KRANICH GURR defeated Australia's Lloyd Tarran (defeated to later in the final) 6-1, 6-4, 6-2, 6-1, 6-4, 6-1, 6-4 as the last night and became the first native French woman to win since 1979. Mike Parker had teamed with GAIL HERBERT of Australia to take the ladies' title.

TRACK & FIELD—Kansas sophomore JIM RYUN ran the second fastest mile on record, just 1:57.07 on one week mark, with a 3:52 at the Coleman-Corcoran invitation meet in Los Angeles and became a Three-time Olympic champion AL GERTER, of the New York Athletic Club, after a dominant performance, surpassed the 1978 800-meter-place chase throw he made 13 years earlier in the Coleman-Corcoran meet by 9:10 with a total of 289.6 in the New York AC Spring Games. It was the longest distance throw ever made in the final.

ANN SMITH, a 25-year-old London schoolteacher, bested both three-and-a-half mile's world mile mark by 2.2 with a 4:17 at the Southern Counties Women's Championships in London, England.

MILPORES—AWARDED TO JACK TRYMAN, former Connecticut Republican (1957-1960) and legal partner for insurance, Moore Stokols, who was involved with the problem in 1956, at secondary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters by St. Francis College of Lenoir, Pa. Stokols' old school Tryman has devoted himself to Stokols' care and rehabilitation since the onset of his illness.

NAMED—Athletic director at the University of Pennsylvania, FRED SIEBEL, 35, to succeed Art Ford, who was fired for a federal violation of the by the League athletic rules, including a \$100,000 fine. Siebel resigned last March as head basketball coach at the University of Connecticut after leading four NCAA tournament teams in four years.

TRAINED—By the Baltimore Orioles, MIKE EPHSTEN, 24, the international center fielder and former 1966 minor league Player of the Year with Rochester, and Pitcher FRANK BERTANA, 21, for FI LE RICHIE 27, the Washington Senators left-hander who has a 2-4 win-loss record so far this season as only one complete game in 10 starts, and a 4-4 K/BB, Lovers, which ordered back by Rochester by the Orioles, had refused to report and threatened to quit baseball.

SOLD To the Cincinnati Reds BOB LEE, 29, a star right-handed relief pitcher for the Los Angeles Angels for three years, to the Los Angeles Dodgers, who acquired him last December.

RETIRED—The Yankees' management left leader, WHITEY FORD 38, a star as a New York Yankees pitcher, because of a bone spine as he left office. Ford, who was more games than any other Yankee pitcher, made 100 starts in 1965. He won last record and a 600 winning percentage. He also pitched on 11 pennant winners, and won World Series 1956 and 1958. He was a member of the Yankees' 1960 World Series-winning team. He was a member of the Yankees' 1960 World Series-winning team. He was a member of the Yankees' 1960 World Series-winning team.

FIRE—An assistant manager of the American Baseball Association's Denver franchise, VINCE BURELL, 40, formerly a business manager at Notre Dame and the University of Denver, and pitcher, coach and general manager of the New York Knickerbockers, when he released a statement saying the club owners for not coming up with money to fund their "total program."

CREDITS

26, 27	—Holt Stokols	29	—country	Gordon	30	—country	Gordon
26, 27	—Holt Stokols	29	—country	Gordon	30	—country	Gordon
26, 27	—Holt Stokols	29	—country	Gordon	30	—country	Gordon
26, 27	—Holt Stokols	29	—country	Gordon	30	—country	Gordon
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26, 27	—Holt Stokols	29	—country	Gordon	30	—country	Gordon
26, 27	—Holt Stokols	29	—country	Gordon	30	—country	Gordon
26, 27	—Holt Stokols	29	—country	Gordon	30	—country	Gordon
26, 27	—Holt Stokols	29	—country	Gordon	30	—country	Gordon
26, 27	—Holt Stokols	29	—country	Gordon	30	—country	Gordon

FACES IN THE CROWD



THE READERS TAKE OVER

ART CRITICS

Sirs:

Your annual preview of the 500 is always the best ever, anywhere—and this year's Crockett-Stanley effort (*The Spirit of Indy*, May 29) was merely unsurpassable.

It deserves plaudits for originality—wasn't it low?

J. O. SHRELLER JR.

Dearborn, Mich.

Sirs:

As an Indy fan going back to 1937, when I sat on a corner as a reporter for the late *Indianapolis Times*, I want to say that Artist Bob Stanley really captured the 500 in his powerful abstract paintings. I must have been near him when the wheel from the first-lap accident of 1966 headed for him because I thought it was headed for me.

SAMUEL S. TYNDALL

New York City

Sirs:

I thanked my lucky hubcaps I was not on the highway between Indianapolis and Milwaukee following last year's 500. Perhaps the misguided Father really believes he is held in the safe hand of Divine Providence, immune from harm as he "pulls it out of the hole" and barrels down the pike.

Exceeding the speed limit on our nation's highways and streets was responsible for some 14,000 fatal accidents in 1966. That a priest should encourage such carnage qualifies him as an apostle of madness.

W. M. HUNTER JR.

New Orleans

Sirs:

Your Indianapolis story was a huge disappointment.

Two extremely personal views—the so-called artist's and the so-called writer's—don't add up to one intelligible article. Will you cut out the fancy stuff and give us good photography and writing instead of trying to supply conversation material for the cocktail hour.

BOBILES

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

The paintings of the action of the 500 were really great. I am a general "car nut," and this artist gave me a real sense of the action that occurs in an auto race. I greatly admire Mr. Stanley's technique—I didn't know it was possible to get so much out of two colors.

MIDSHIPMAN MICHAEL D. HARDMAN
Aenapolis, Md.

PUTTERING AROUND

Sirs:

Standardization is necessary to bring order out of chaos, but when it goes beyond that, whether in industry or sports, it strangles the effort to improve equipment and methods, stifles initiative and freedom of choice and may be completely arbitrary. A case in point is the rules revision of the U.S. Golf Association prohibiting croquet-type putting (*A Biss for Einhetes*, June 5).

In my opinion these rule changes do not promote the best interests of golf, and I hope SI will oppose them.

CHARLES L. GILKESON

Richmond

Sirs:

The only criticism I have of the USGA ruling is that it is too little and too late.

I would suggest that you adopt a uniform code that would make it mandatory for all players to carry the following clubs: driver, brassie, spoon, cleft, mallet, mid-mashie, mashie, mashie niblick, niblick and putter. Some beginning players may argue that they don't need 10 clubs. But they would be overlooking a basic fact. A man who is carrying only six clubs has a distinct advantage over one carrying 10, for he is not only packing around less weight, but has less mental anguish in trying to decide what club to use. Needless to say, those new steel and glass shafts should be barred. After all, if Bobby Jones could make a Grand Slam with wooden shafts, why should some youngster come along and duplicate or surpass his record using all these new-fangled ideas?

JOHN B. BURNESS JR.

Richland, Wash.

PLAYFUL CUBS

Sirs:

There have been times during my decade of frustration as a Cub fan that I have felt National League opponents have been more amused than intimidated when they played against the intimidators of Wrigley Field. But I feel this year that Leo Durocher's charges are worthy of taking the field with any other club in the league. Your article gave much of the credit for the upswing in the Cub fortunes to Adolfo Philips. While I would not disagree that he is a principal factor, I think that you overlook a more basic reason (*The Cub's Third Place?* May 29).

Disenchanted as Cub fans are with an administration that could devise the "college of coaches" and the athletic director of seasons past, the Cub trades have been the most galling. Trading a Frank Thomas for a Mel Rouse had been enough, but a Lou

continued



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18TH HOLE

Brock for an Ernie Breglio! However, General Manager John Holland may have made one of the finest trades in recent years when he peddled Bob Buhl and Larry Jackson for Phillips, Ferguson Jenkins and John Herrnstein. I think Holland deserves much credit for giving Cub fans presentable players for the first time in 20 years.

TONY SWIFT

Whizton, Ill.

Sirs,

I have been an avid Cub fan for only 20 years, so I am relatively new to the club. Being in the first division, however, does strange things to a man. For instance, I find that I no longer hate the White Sox. I can only wonder what Hank Bauer, Handsome Ronnie Jackson and Dee Fondy would think about all this.

DAVID S. SULLIVAN

De Kalb, Ill.

TRUE STORY

Sirs,

Your delightful account of the Hamerstroms (*Only, Eagles and Prairie Chanters*, May 29) revised for me memories of their talk, blonde, blue-eyed (and yes, very beautiful) daughter Lisa, who was one of my students in an English composition class of the University of Wisconsin in the fall of 1940. You can imagine my reaction when I first read one of her papers describing a huge, unfinished, pre-Civil War house containing the most startling array of pets I had ever heard of. I remember thinking that she was putting me on, but then I concluded that no freshman could possibly make it up and it had to be for real. Later I learned, from Lisa and others, about her remarkable parents and their work.

DONALD C. STEWART

Champaign, Ill.

MEN, TOO

Sirs,

Gary Rosenberg captured the feelings of Harlan Cohen and the girls of our national valley ball team beautifully (*Playing It the Japanese Way*, June 5). But he should have mentioned that while Harlan likes working with women he is also successful coaching men's teams. In May 1966 he took a relatively young Westside Jewish Community Center squad and finished third in both the national AAU and USA BA meets. In May 1967 Westside moved up a notch and was second in the AAU and third in the USA BA.

SON H. MARSHALL

Los Angeles

REVERSED COIN

Sirs,

I enjoyed Buzzie Bavuso's account of the celebrated holdout very much (*The Dodger Story*, May 15 or seq.). As a soon-to-be in-

continued

Some Skulduggery in the Single Sculls

Rumors were rife before the match race between Edward Hanlan and Charles Courtney. They were all borne out when it was found that someone had sawed Hanlan's shell almost in two

by LEONARD SHECHTER

The day dawned fair and unusually warm, and a good thing it was, too, for the few rooms available in little Mayville, N.Y., on the shores of Chautauqua Lake, were crammed to overflowing at rates running as high as \$10 a day without meals. As a result many of the 30,000 rowing fans, gamblers, packpockets, and just plain sports who had been pouring into town for a week slept *adresco* so as to be on hand for the big match race between Oarsmen Edward Hanlan and Charles E. Courtney. Hanlan was Canadian born, 24 years old, fair-skinned, mustached, curly-haired and with eyes the color of a summer sky. His adversary and archrival, Courtney, was an American, swarthy-skinned, tall, lean and six years older than his opponent.

These two oarsmen, as famous in their day as Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey were later, had been involved in a highly controversial race the year before, a race Courtney had been openly accused of "hippodroming," i.e., dumping. It had taken almost a year of delicate negotiation on the part of their backers to put them in action against each other again, a year of charge and countercharge, of intense press speculation and of heavy private betting.

Today, such heated interest in, of all things, professional rowing may seem farfetched. But in 1879 rowing was, outside of horse racing, the major American sport. Rowers, writes Robert F. Kelley, in his history of American rowing, "became as famous and well-publicized—and spoiled—as any well-known athlete of today."

So the atmosphere of the first encounter between Hanlan and Courtney at Lachine, Que., Canada, on October 3, 1878, was one of carnival. "Train after train crowded with passengers was running into Lachine over the single track of the Montreal Lachine Railroad," *The New York Times* reported. "The nine miles of wagon road were packed with carriages, all hurrying in one direction, and the canal was alive with steamers,

gay with British and American flags. By 5 o'clock 10,000 persons were in the grandstand, and as many more were clustered on steamers, small boats and along the river bank."

But there was disquiet, too. The large amount of betting was leading to hasty rumors, and a postponement of the race because of rain led to more. "One misfortune of the delay," an observer wrote "is that it gives time for circulation of a renewed report that Courtney has sold out the race to Hanlan." Libel laws, it seems, were quite different then from what they are now.

On most books, Hanlan opened as the odds-on favorite and, by race time, the odds had increased. This despite the fact that Courtney was undefeated both as an amateur and as a professional. "Nonbetting men who are acquainted with the oarsmen," wrote the *Evening Post* correspondent, "express surprise that so great and long-continued odds should be offered on the Canadian."

The race finally got started late in the afternoon, just as the wind began to freshen. Hanlan, in his familiar red cap and blue shirt, started with a stroke of 31, while Courtney pulled 38 to the minute. Both used long, smooth strokes with a quick recovery at the end. For the first four miles the lead changed hands several times.

The first mile was clocked in seven minutes, the fourth in only six. "As they entered the last mile," according to a vivid but seemingly somewhat imaginative account in the *Times*, "Hanlan went slowly but surely to the front and at the half was leading by three lengths. . . . Here Courtney made a last terrible struggle and putting all his tremendous reserve power into his terrible telling strokes, crept up inch by inch and foot by foot in a way that would have given him the race had he kept it up to the end. But the strain was too great. He ran his bow to within a length and a half of Hanlan's stern part, but could get no nearer and Hanlan swept over the line

the winner of the greatest scull race ever seen in this country."

Hanlan's time was 36:22, his margin of victory a length and a quarter. And if the *Times* account had been altogether accurate that would have been the end of it. But something had happened that the gentleman from the *Times* must have missed. Somehow he failed to mention the fact that near the finish both Hanlan and Courtney were headed for a group of boats that had wandered inside the racing lane. Hanlan slackened off for a moment, then shot around them and over the finish line. Courtney stopped rowing altogether, or at least long enough to lose his last hope of catching Hanlan.

Wrote Edward B. Rankin of the *Boston Herald*, who acted as a judge for Courtney and watched the race closely: "I venture the judgment now that Courtney is the better and more enduring sculler of the two, that despite the roughness of the water he succeeded, whenever he made the effort, in closing with Hanlan, and that at the finish he outraced the Toronto man, and only lost the race by ceasing to pull at a critical moment when nearing the goal."

The controversy raged for a year until it was agreed to settle matters once and for all in a new race at Mayville on October 19. On the day of the race when Courtney's handlers went to the boat-house to check his equipment, they found something that was to stir an even greater brouhaha than the disputed first race: the boat in which Courtney was to row had been neatly sawed three-quarters of the way through, 10 feet from the bow.

What had happened? To this day the partisans of each rower are giving different versions. In his biography of Courtney, C.V.P. Young quotes Charles S. Francis, editor of the *Troy (N.Y.) Times*, and later Teddy Roosevelt's Ambassador to Austria-Hungary, as the authority. The way Francis told it, Hanlan, a bit of a playboy, had been out on the town the night before the race and had "listened to the voice of the charmer." His friends

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Skulduggery

were afraid that this would cause him to lose the race and their money. So they went to Courtney and offered him the \$6,000 prize money if he would see that the race finished in a draw. Courtney's answer was: "Gentlemen, the race will be raced tomorrow, and whoever wins it will have to row for it." Hanlan's backers thereupon sneaked into Courtney's boathouse and destroyed his boat.

On the other side we have a man named William E. Harding, commissioned by Richard K. Fox, publisher of the *Poker Gazette*, to write the true story of Hanlan's life. Harding wrote: "This much is pretty certain: Courtney was faking and did not want to start unless the race would be fixed for him to win." So, in order to get the race on the water, Hanlan's friends agreed that he would dump. However, Harding insists, neither Hanlan nor his friends had any intention of living up to this promise. In fact, they bet heavily on their man. The plan might have worked except that on the day before the race one of Hanlan's closest friends bet \$1,000 to \$700 against Courtney. He was careful to make the bet with a total stranger, but here, Harding says, fate intervened. The stranger was actually betting only \$200 of his own money. He was getting under \$500 for a Courtney backer named J. H. Brister. When Brister learned whom the bet had been made against he knew there was a double-cross in the works. At that point Courtney's boat was doomed.

Which is the true story? No one will ever know. But no stigma was attached to either man. A year later they tried the race again, this time on the Potomac, but Courtney came up ill and quit after two miles. Soon after, he stopped rowing professionally to become rowing coach at Cornell. Hanlan was hired to coach rowing at Columbia, and both lived to a respectable old age.

If any regret was ever expressed it was by Courtney. He said he was sorry he ever became a professional rower. "I was a fool to do it," he said. And in his most kind biography, *Courtney and Cornell Rowing*, Young wrote: "The probable explanation for some of the activities of which he was guilty during this period was that he not only became intoxicated with success, as he himself intimated, but was early seized upon by professional gamblers, who took advantage of his inexperience and callowness and used him for their own ends."

END

BACK ON THE JOB



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18TH HOLE continued

vestment banker, though, I take exception to the implication that the "value-added" by Drysdale and Kenafax to the Dodger ball-anise sheet through bringing in extra fans can't be quantified and compared with their salaries.

To make allowance for possible enormous factors, assume Don and Sandy drew only one-half as many extra fans to Dodger Stadium as Bavasi suggested. This would mean 1,500 extra fans per game for Don and 4,000 per game for Sandy. Assuming \$4.50 in revenue per extra fan and 20 starts each for Don and Sandy, their value-added is a cool one-half million dollars.

Recognizing that this \$500,000 is same consideration of pennant and World Series money or Don and Sandy's value-added in visiting ball parks, Bavasi can consider himself a financial wizard—he negotiated a one-year investment (\$235,000 for both Don and Sandy) which yielded him a rate of return well in excess of 100%.

ROBERT KAYE BLOOM

Chicago

ICBM
Says

As the three "resourceful Cal students" who built the water-balloon missile launcher referred to in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (May 22) we would like to amend your information. Our sling was made of 12 feet of surgical rubber tubing and a plastic dog-food dish, not inner tubes. Furthermore, the sling was fired from the center of the Cal rooting section all the way across the field. At least a dozen blue and gold balloons made the trip. Perhaps your source confused '84 with the debacle of '65 at Stanford where several overzealous and unsporting Cal students shot at the Stanford band during half time for lack of range to hit anything else. We were there in '65 also with two aluminum crutches used as arm extensions, 36 feet of surgical rubber tubing, 10 men to hold and fire the sling and the dog-food dish. Three balloons went 130 yards across the field to the Stanford rooting section before the dish came apart. All in all, we would say '65 looks like a very good year.

GARY DEBELL
MIKE DEBELL
DON MCKENNEY

Woodland Hills, Calif.

Says

We at Kenyon College feel slighted at not having been mentioned in your "Myside Race" note. In correlation with our academic superiority we have a catapult which shoots balloons in excess of 200 yards with aqueous accuracy. We have defeated on-campus competition and welcome any intercollegiate challenge.

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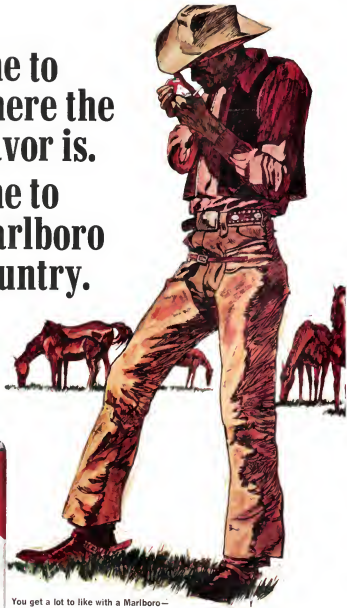
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